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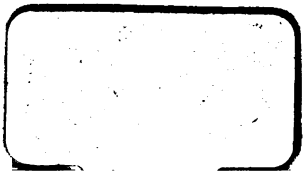

LEWES

TREASURES OF DARKNESS.

BY E. L.

AUTHORESS OF "NIGHT WATCHES."

"I will give thee the treasures of darkness."—Isaiah xlv. 3.

"We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed: we are perplexed, but not in despair: persecuted, but not forsaken: cast down, but not destroyed: always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body."—2 Cor. iv. 8, 9, 10.

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NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO THE

REV. HENRY J. MORTON, D. D.,

(*Rector of St. James' Church, Philadelphia;*)

WHOSE KIND TEACHINGS HAVE ASSISTED IN POINTING OUT

TREASURES OF DARKNESS,

AND WHOSE PASTORAL CARE DURING YEARS OF

WEARY CONFINEMENT, HAS LIGHTENED THE

SUFFERINGS OF SICKNESS:

AS A MARK OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS KIND ATTENTION,

AND A TOKEN OF THE GRATEFUL AFFECTION

OF THE AUTHORESS.

PREFACE.

THE voice that speaks to us from the sick room speaks ever with an influence and authority peculiarly its own. Whether its utterance goes forth in words of comfort to the sorrowing, or to support the weak, to succour the tempted, to establish the wavering, to cheer the downcast, to reclaim the wandering, or to console the fellow-sufferer,—all alike must feel, that the voice which speaks, comes, as it were, from some lone watcher, lifted up above the turmoil and confusion of the world; and overlooking with undisturbed and impartial eye, the paths of life, marked out separately and clearly beneath the gaze.

The stillness, the retirement, the shutting out of this world, all turn the mind to calm and deep contemplation of the world unseen; and even weakness and suffering are made, by Him "Who doeth all

things well," to promote the rapid growth of spiritual life and strength. The royal singer of Israel seems ever endued with a higher and purer inspiration when, calling on God "out of the depths,"—he learns that it is "good for him to be afflicted;"—and in every subsequent age of the Church, the lamp of Faith held by the trembling hand of those, whose dispensation it is to keep weary "Night Watches" of suffering or sorrow, has cast its cheering beams into many another darkened dwelling; disclosing to the "weary and heavy laden," "Treasures of Darkness" far more precious than all the riches of Light and Joy.

Such was the intended mission of the little volume, which last year was so kindly received; and such is the intent of that which is now offered with the hope and prayer of the Authoress, that many, who like herself, are in "trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity," may here find thoughts which will reveal to them in their hours of darknes, treasures of peace and hope, which the world cannot give or take away.

F. W.

Philadelphia, July, 1854.

Treasures of Darkness.

"I will give unto thee treasures of darkness."—Isaiah xiv. 3.

What! hath the night its precious things,
Hath darkness treasures rare?
Brings trial healing on its wings,
To bless its mourning heir?
And to the Christian is it given,
In dimness, gems to see,—
To find, by faith sent down from heaven,
Blessings in misery?

Yes; sorrow's deepest, blackest night
Of pain and suffering,
Hath mystic, corresponding light,
Which gentle Hope doth bring:
The "patience of the saints" abides,
'Mid darkness thick and drear;
For Christ unseen, yet truly, guides
Them midst all doubt and fear.

'Tis a blest darkness which doth close
Our eye to sights of sin:
A merciful thick cloud to those,
Who truer bliss would win:
And, 'mid the dull, dim scene around,
The gems of heavenly light,
The treasures hid in darkness' bound,
Are opened to Faith's sight.

No earthly lamp can find the spot,
Where they lie close concealed:
The mortal glow is kindled not,
By which they'll be revealed;
The angel of God's presence comes
And doeth wondrously;
And from His glorious, shining beams,
The treasures bright we see.

The riches which we claim to find,
In trial's darkest night,
Are,—blessings of a quiet mind,
And peace 'mid sorrow's blight:
And the dear, blood-stained cross of Christ,
Where He atonement made,
For all our sinfulness and guilt,
Is planted in the shade.

Joy in believing,—and the rest
Thro' tribulation won,—
The cheering certainty possest,
Of pardon through God's Son,—
The happiness which only they,
Who suffer Love's rebuke,
Can know; and who can joy alway,
Tho' by each friend forsook;—

The touch of suffering, waking peace,—
The wound, with healing blent;—
With shame of penitence, release
From sin's defilement sent;—
Love, peace, joy, faith,—a glorious band,
Of rare and priceless things,—
These are the treasures from God's hand,
Given 'mid sufferings.

Oh, in the darkness of the night,
Which doth surround us now,
The treasures, glorious and bright,
Far, far surpass our woe:
God grant, that they whom He shall call
In this deep gloom to live,
May win its blessing: Lord, to all
"Treasures of Darkness" give!

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Treasures of Darkness.

The Unbroken Reed.

"A bruised reed will He not break."

"A bruisèd reed—unsightly, worthless thing!
Trembling and shivering as the passing air
Touches its form:—frail, crushed, and withering,—
We see no beauty there!"
True, there is none: no loveliness, no grace,
Not ev'n the freshness of a flower's pure smile,
For winds and storms have left their mournful trace,
And earthy stains defile.

Yet is this bruisèd, but *unbroken* reed,
A monument of mercy to outlast
Temples and gorgeous shrines of earth, that speed
To their destruction fast.

Bruised and defaced by lengthened suffering, I
Trust in His love, who will not break the thread
Of life, which binds me to Himself on High,
From whence is healing shed.

Oh grant that I, dear Lord, who cannot sweep,
The noble harp Thy kingly minstrel swept
In ardor of devotion, or in deep
Repenting strains that wept,—
May find a lowly place in that grand choir,
Composed of grateful hearts that long to bring,
Some token of their earnest, strong desire
To glorify their King!

The royal *harp* requires a *royal hand*,
To touch and wake its wondrous music right:
The highest realms of Poetry demand,
Souls of according height:—
But I, oh God, in deep humility,
Essay to breathe a whispered strain of praise:
My music must the bruised reed's effort be
Its meaner voice to raise.

Yet Thou refusest not the weakest meed,
When truly offered by a contrite heart;
Oh let Thy princely Spirit fill the reed,
And teach poetic art!
Let me not hear far off, the holy sound
Of wind that bloweth where it lists, but bring
The gale to breathe within my spirit's bound,
And heavenly anthems sing.

Ah, surely while Thy mercy keeps unbroken,
The bruisèd reed, Thy tenderness will deign
To let some grateful melodies be spoken,—
"Song born of pain!"
And if, from my frail heart and trembling tongue,
A strain of any harmony arise,
It is by Thy indwelling Spirit sung,
An echo from the skies!

The Battle of Life.

"There is no discharge in that war." Eccles. viii. 8.

The awful conflict that was waged by Christ, the Prince of Peace,
Against the power of evil, while time lasts, can never cease:
His Body, the Church militant, must follow where He led,
To prove her mystic union with her victorious Head.
And every child of hers and Thine, Almighty Conqueror, must
Assume the place which in the ranks Thou dost to him entrust;
Thy banner over us is Love, and where it flutters free,
The faithful soldier of the Cross is pledged in arms to be.

We know our foes,—the World, the Flesh, strengthened by Satan's power,
Are round us, watching day and night, for some unguarded hour,
When they successfully shall strike: a dread, resistless host,
Were we not guarded in the strife by God, the Holy Ghost.
Greater is He that is with us, than he who leadeth them!
The servants of Almighty God, the devil may contemn:
We may be wounded in the fight,—our *weakness* is *our own;*
We cannot be o'ercome at last,—our *strength* is *God's alone.*

The battle often presseth hard, and wearieth our soul,
But in the power of God's might,—clad in His armor whole,
We will the evil day withstand, and all the devil's wiles,
With which, when broad attacks have failed, he simple hearts beguiles.

We wrestle not with flesh and blood: With principalities,
And rulers of the world's gross night, our awful contest lies;
What can defend us against these? What weapon can oppose
This spiritual wickedness,—this high place of our foes?

The armor which our God supplies! The Spirit's holy sword!
This only can protect our souls,—that only, help afford.
Girded with Truth, and shod with Peace, and having on our breast,
The plate of Righteousness, we're safe; we're more than safe, we're *blest.*
Salvation's helmet guards our head; and taking Faith's strong shield,
And praying always with all prayer,—can such an army yield?
No! were ten thousand times more foes to meet at Satan's blast,
Confessors of the name of Christ will manfully stand fast.

Yet oh! the fiery darts are keen, and our infirmity
May well shrink back, altho' God's grace will never let us flee.
I often feel strange weariness, and wish the fight was o'er,
And life's sad battle ended for ever—ever more!
Mine is a weak and coward heart, that sinks when pain assails,
And only by God's sovereign grace, in conflict e'er prevails;
Were I one moment left alone, the enemy would come,
And take possession of his prey,—poor, helpless, weak and dumb.

But Christ will *never* leave me! I am His, and He is mine;
He bought me with His precious blood, and sealed me with His sign:
He gives me strength and comfort: When some fierce dart is hurled,
He says, "Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world:"
And when from Satan's quiver, fear's keen shaft assails my faith,
He says, "My child, remember, when I died, I conquered Death!"

When I'm wearied by my own heart's sin, my courage to refresh,
He says, "I, in a servant's form, condemned sin in the flesh."

Captain of our Salvation! Thou Who wast perfect made,
Thro' Thy mysterious suffering, let me not be afraid:
I own my weakness, and my dread of every form of pain,
Yet would I not Thy banner leave, deceitful rest to gain:
'Tis just and right that Thou should'st bring Thy children by the way
Thyself did'st tread, when in man's flesh, his ransom Thou did'st pay;
If Thou art leading in Thy might, I'll fear no sufferings,
"My heavenly Father knoweth I have need of all these things."

It is a comfort to my soul, altho' I am so weak,
I still belong to Jesus' host,—one whom He came to seek:
I go not up to fight *alone;* my brethren and our Head,
In steadfast constancy advance, Love's banner o'er us spread:

If I in my appointed post, stand fast and firm, I know,
The Spirit's seven-fold might is near, to overcome each foe;
Tho' my rank is not exalted, nor my sphere of duty large,
For the meanest faithful soldier, in *God's* war is no discharge.

Sometimes my shield is weakly held, and then a fiery dart,
Thrown by the mighty strength of hate, wounds my unguarded heart;
Yet still Christ's gentleness is proved,—He draws the shaft away,
And heals me when I own my fault, and for His mercy pray;
But if a friend whose partial eye hath not my fall perceived,
With love's applause exults o'er some slight vict'ry I've achieved,
Oh! how the recent sin-wound smarts! My soul's deep agony,
Might well deserve I should be spared this added misery.

My Master, Thou Who knowest my sin; Thou Lord
of wondrous grace,
To Thee alone I dare appeal,—let me not lose my
place
Beneath the sacred Banner where my hopes and joys
abide;
Let me not, worthless, be discharged from warring
at Thy side!
Arm and prepare Thy servant, Lord, for what Thy
wisdom sees,
Is needful for me to pass through, ere I my King
can please.
I have no will; life, strength, time, powers,—these
are no longer mine;
Yet oh! what blessedness I gain, because they all
are Thine!

Sleep.

I wish I were asleep!
How oft the longing cometh o'er me,
When hours of pain are stretched before me,
For slumbers calm and deep:
Yes, I would gladly steep
My spirit in forgetfulness awhile,
And enter happy dreamland with a smile,
Nor wake again to weep.

I wish I might repose,
From earth and her distractions weary;
From Satan's hosts of sin, a dreary
And well filled camp of foes!
Oh how I'd hail the close
Of every day, if I might sleep once more
My childhood's sleep, the rest I knew before
I knew that life had woes!

I wish that sleep would fly
To soothe whene'er I ask her blessing;
And with her lulling, soft caressing,
Hush my impatient cry
Of pain or agony!
How oft would I escape from suffering,
If she would round me fold her downy wing,
And on my pillow lie.

I wish that I might rest,
Without the oft recurring dreaming,
That startles me with life-like seeming,
Even on Slumber's breast.
My wandering mind, possest
By many a fearful fancy uncontrolled,
Starts back, not daring even to enfold
Her own, her bidden guest.

Oh murmuring spirit, cease
To wish for Sleep's attendant, quiet;
Thou know'st not what thou might'st lose by it,
On earth ask not for peace!
If God should thee release
From suffering below, the penalty
Might everlasting pain and sorrow be;
Heaven is not reached thro' ease.

May I then wish for death?
The sleep good men enjoy when falling
Into true life, on Jesus calling
With glad hope's parting breath?
The rest, of which Christ saith,
"He is *not dead* who on My name believes,"
"But thro' death's gate, eternal life receives;"
May I ask this in faith?

May I not long for this?
For my worn frame the dreamless sleeping,
O'er which God's Angels watch are keeping,—
A grave, Hope's sunbeams kiss?
Oh can it be amiss,
To wish to leave my tenement of clay,
Until my Saviour call in judgment day
Body and soul to bliss?

Oh yes, my heart, 'tis wrong!
Wait thou God's time for rest, nor borrow
Evil, or pleasure, from the morrow;
To-day live, and be strong!
PATIENCE! 'twill not be long,
Ere thy full blessedness will present be,
And thou thy Saviour's glorious beauty see,
Where saints and angels throng!

Purity.

"Let the meditation of my heart, be always acceptable in Thy sight, Oh Lord, my strength and my Redeemer!"

Oh Jesus, breathe Thy calm upon my heart,
And let its flutterings cease;
Make, by Thy word, each troubled thought depart,
And bid me, "Go in peace"!
For I, oh Saviour, am a sinner vile,
Longing to meet Thy gracious, pard'ning smile;
From all false refuges and solace driven,
I seek the blessing of the "much forgiven."

My weary spirit waits to feel Thy touch,
And have its guilt removed;
For if by them, to whom is pardoned much,
Thou Lord, art most beloved,—
Then I the tender privilege may claim,
And in my soul must glow love's holy flame,
For I have sinned so grievously and often,
Nought but Omnipotence my doom could soften.

Ah then, dear Lord, may crowding thoughts that find,
A place within my breast,
Reflect the pure perfection of Thy mind;
And be thereon imprest,
The holy characters that will remain,
Thro' trial and temptation, grief and pain,
And let my musings, and my life's behaviour,
Be in thy sight accepted, oh my Saviour!

Thine own most sacred presence I entreat
Within my heart may be;
Thus guarded, I my enemy may meet,
And overcome through Thee
The fearful, subtle power of the wiles,
With which he unprotected souls beguiles:
If *Thou* wilt be my guest, bad thoughts will cower,
Before the hallowing, Almighty Power.

Oh grant me perfect inward purity,
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
Wash me, and cleanse my spirit thoroughly,
In Thy most precious blood:
I long to be unstained, unsoiled by sin,
Renewed, and wholly sanctified within:
This were the vision of a hopeful dreamer,
Without Thy aid, my Strength and my Redeemer!

My Strength? ah, weaker than the feeblest child,
  Am I without Thee, Lord!
And my Redeemer? ah, how sin defiled,
  Until Thy soul was poured
An offering for poor humanity,
Incarnate in our flesh, restored by Thee!
Now am I strong; now I'm redeemed from dying,
And I can Satan meet, his power defying.

But leave me never, gracious, holy One;
  Else sin returns to sway
The soul, whose life, and strength, and light are gone,
  When Thou art far away.
With Thee my earnest efforts will succeed,
To keep my heart-shrine purified indeed:
To the dear shelter of Thy Cross I'm driven,
And know myself accepted and forgiven!

Benedicite.

"O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:
"Praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Is it a vision, or a dream,
  Presented to my mem'ry's musing,
When earthly, common objects seem,
  Their false proportions to be losing?
When I, in higher realms of thought,
  And nearer to the Source of glory,
Am by an earnest fancy brought
  To realize the touching story.

'Tis pictured clearly to my mind—
  A little Christian and her brother,
In a low room of meanest kind,
  Their arms entwined round one another;
The fair young girl, with serious face,
  Did, with her childish voice, endeavour
To teach the boy in her embrace,
  "Praise Him, and magnify Him ever!"

Even where lowest poverty,
With vice and sin and want were blending,
The glorious Benedicite,
Was to the "unknown God" ascending!
Alas, that there should be a spot,
Within a so-called Christian city,
Where God the Maker is forgot,
And all unknown the Saviour's pity!

Yet even in this wretched haunt,
Where Satan seemingly was master,
The witness of that ancient chant,
Proclaimed Christ, as the soul's true Pastor.
If these had held their peace, the stones
Had been constrained to utter praises;
But Angels listen from their thrones,
To hear the hymn this young voice raises.

Oh blessed fruit of pastoral care,
Sweet flower of faithful pastoral teaching!
What dear results his labors bear,
Ev'n to Eternity far reaching.
To see that lovely face upturned,
In youthful fervor of devotion,
His heart within him must have burned,
And throbbed with grateful, deep emotion.

Surely her Angel, who had been,
Always his Father's face beholding,
Had come from Heaven, and was within
His hallowing clasp, her spirit folding.
Surely her angel's music tone,
Had left the sphere of its abiding,
And, hushing earthly sorrow's moan,
In heavenly chants her voice was guiding.

How wondrous are God's secret ways!
The chastening furnace of affliction,
Taught this young maiden's heart to praise
Her Lord in strains of benediction!
Sorrow and poverty and pain,
Might hide from sight the blessing streaming
From Heav'n on her fair head: but plain
Unto the eye of faith, 'twas gleaming.

The noble anthem was at first,
By the "three holy children" chanted;
And to this little one, as erst,
The presence of the Lord was granted.
Christ taught it them, Who was adored
As God whose mercy faileth never:
"Children of men, bless ye the Lord,
"Praise Him, and magnify Him ever!"

How is't with us, who in the world
  Feel lonely, fainting, sick and dreary?
How is't with us, who have unfurled
  The Cross' banner,—are we weary?
Have we grown tired of the strife,
  Which we have vowed to wage unceasing,
Until the period of our life,
  Comes to our souls with words releasing?

Ah, fainting Christian, look and see
  An angel in this little maiden;
Join in her Benedicite,
  When sorrowful and heavy laden!
Let all the varied works of God,
  Suffering and sickness, health and gladness,
Unite to spread His praise abroad,
  And let love conjure faithless sadness!

The "seas and floods" can ne'er o'erflow,
  The heart that trusts in Jesus only;
The "light and darkness" both will show,
  The Friend and Saviour of the lonely:
We may be bound;—grief may be poured
  Into our wounds; but bonds will sever
Even as we sing, "bless ye the Lord,
  "Praise Him, and magnify Him ever!"

Pain: a Mystery.

Oh mystery of pain! What is thy power,
That Christ should first have suffered thee,
Then left thee to His children as a dower,
To fit them for Eternity?

What can thy pangs effect upon our heart,
That shrink at thy approach, and dread
Thy fearful discipline, and trembling start
Whene'er they mark thy coming tread?

God's wisdom is enwrapped, we know not how,
In many a deep, strange mystery;
And it becomes our souls to meekly bow,
And *trust* where'er we cannot see.

And one of these deep mysteries is pain,
So dark to us, so hard to bear:
But to our Master's perfect knowledge, plain,
And needful for His own to share.

The Sinless learned obedience by these things,
And the same law before us lies:
Christ was "make perfect thro' His sufferings,"
And we, by that same path, must rise.

Our finite powers cannot understand,
How pain, the punishment of sin,
Can be transformed into the Christian's friend,
And help him Heaven's bliss to win.

Yet so it is: our God will manifest
Himself to us in many a way,
That bears no meaning to the world unblest,
Which walks by light, nor heeds faith's ray.

The mystery is deep and secret still;
God doth not show us why nor how
Keen pain should profit us, if at His will
To meet its pangs we humbly bow.

But 'tis enough for us to know His word,
That promises great benefits of love,
To them, who, when His chastening call is heard,
Beneath the yoke submissive move.

The seeming evil shall result in good;
The thorny plant shall bear a flower,
Whose lasting sweetness wakes our gratitude,
And testifies our Master's power.

Our heaven-sent Faith will make our hearts content,
Without solution of Pain's mystery:
Enough for us it is God's instrument,
To fit us for Eternity!

Darkness.

"If I say, peradventure the darkness shall cover me, then shall my night be turned into day."

"Yea, the darkness is no darkness with Thee: but the night is as clear as the day: the darkness and the light to Thee are both alike."

Darkness! the very name excites,
Strange thrills of terror in my soul;
My limbs seem fettered by a shroud,
When o'er the earth her gloomy cloud,
Of thick, dark vapours roll:
I dread to feel approaching nights,
That chill the few and day-delights,
Which are to me allowed.

I shrink when fades the light of day,
And stealthy darkness creepeth on:
When o'er me waves her dusky wing,
I start with vague, dim suffering,
And wish the night were done.
Her slumbers, rest me not; I lay
Uneasily, and turn away
From dreams which sleep may bring.

But shall this darkness *cover* me?
Oh faithless heart, and spirit frail!
Believest thou not the Lord can break
The 'power of darkness,' and can make
The blessed Light prevail?
Oh faint not, sink not fearfully,
The glorious God will be with thee,
For the Redeemer's sake!

Darkness of soul, and nature's night,
Wear no black colours to His mind:
The land of death's deep shadow, where
We see no comfort, even *there*
The cheering Light hath shined!
In His all-comprehending sight,
The changing hours all are bright,
And none doth darkness wear.

Oh Father, take my fears away,
And far remove my faithless dread;
And let me not with terror start
In hours of darkness, for Thou art
About my path and bed!
Night is to Thee as clear as day,
And if I in Thy comforts stay,
Sweet peace shall fill my heart.

Oh let me ever, when I wake,
Be present, dearest Lord, with Thee;
And send my Angel friends to fill
My soul with blessed visions still,
When sleep enchaineth me.
Grant me this solace for the sake
Of Him Whose precious Cross I take,
If such shall be Thy will!

Darkness and light are both the same,
Almighty Master, unto Thee:
Tho' dimly now, as through a glass,
I see earth's shadows as they pass,
Make *them* alike to me!
And, Jesus, by Thy sacred Name,
Cast out the demon who could frame,
Dark terrors of this class.

And when the last, most solemn night
Of death, shall throw her funeral pall
Upon my soul, to warn me that
An end hath come to life's estate,
Let not my courage fall!
Help me to fear no evil sprite,
Who would destroy the dear delight,
Of my approaching fate.

But let me calm and quiet lean
Upon Thy guiding staff and rod;
So may I pass to that dear rest
Of sweet repose on Jesus' breast,
Led by Thy hand, my God.
Gladly I'll quit this troubled scene,
Thro' death's low gate, to joys serene,
In Paradise the blest!

Paraphrase of the Seven Penitential Psalms.

(Being the 6th, 32nd, 38th, 51st, 102nd, 130th, and the 147th Psalms.)

Psalm 6th.

"O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine indignation,
Neither chasten me in Thy heavy displeasure."

Oh Lord, my struggling spirit longs,
To be released from sin and woe;
Break Thou the subtle, binding chain,
Of which I mournfully complain,
With one Almighty blow.

Yet, Lord, I would not that Thy wrath,
Its fearful weight o'er me should roll;
Let not Thine anger, but Thy love
Chastise me, and the sin remove
From off my burdened soul.

For I am weak—how very weak
Thou only knowest, gracious Lord!
Have mercy on me! touch me not,
'Till thy displeasure be forgot,
And I'm by Christ restored.

Yes, wretched weakness in my heart,
And weakness in my daily strife,
And holy vows, thro' weakness broke,
And sinful words thro' weakness spoke,
Mar all my Christian life.

For these infirmities I'm vexed;
My weary soul is troubled sore:
Father, to Thee alone I come,
To ask deliverance from my doom,
And pardon to implore.

O save me for Thy mercy's sake,
Ere death shall come and make me cease
My earnest prayers for pardoning grace,
And shelter in Thy love's embrace,
And my Redeemer's peace.

Grant me all these, Thy priceless gifts;
So shall I be prepared for death;
That when his angel message calls,
Like the tired child to slumber falls,
I'll gladly yield my breath.

Wilt Thou not even now give rest,
And whisper pardon to my heart?
I'm weary of my secret tears,—
My daily pain, my nightly fears:—
O bid them all depart!

The beauty of a peaceful soul,
Is worn away by constant care;
My spiritual foes abound,
And closely compass me around,
With many a dangerous snare.

There is no quiet in my breast;
On every side an enemy
Starts up with wicked, mocking sneer,
Triumphing in the sinful fear
Of my infirmity.

Whene'er I long for holiness,
And deem some little share is won,
The adversary's touch defiles
My heartiest efforts, and his wiles
Persuade me nought is done.

But, Master, in Thy Holy Name,
And by the power of Thy will,
Bid all these hateful foes depart,
And let my undivided heart,
Thy hallowing presence fill.

Thou hearest my sad weeping, Lord;
Thou hearest my sorrowful, low voice;
Thou seest how many griefs I have,
From which Thy love alone can save,
And teach me to rejoice.

Receive my humble prayer, and hear
My sad petition when I cry;
Not, Father, for my worthiness,
But for my Saviour's merits, bless
So weak a child as I!

Then, by His aid divine, I shall
Defeat my enemies; and they
Confounded by celestial might,
Shall be sore vexed, and take their flight
In endless shame away.

Psalm 32nd.

"Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven, and whose sin is covered."

The weight of sin my weary soul is crushing,
My sighs are many, and my heart is faint;
The tide of guilt on conscious mem'ry rushing,
Accusing, stills my suffering complaint;
For I deserve unceasing agony,
Were God in His just wrath to punish me.

But e'en for sins so wilful and so many
As have disgraced my life, and stained my heart,
The Lord, Who willeth not the death of any,
Proclaims forgiveness, if we will depart
With earnest effort from the guilty ways,
Where we contract defilement and decays.

Oh Lord, with sad and penitential wailings,
I do confess my sinfulness to Thee;
I will not seek to hide my numerous failings,
But here acknowledge my iniquity.
Wilt Thou forgive me all unrighteousness,
And my poor wicked heart with pardon bless?

For this Thy godly children will petition,
While yet Thine ear is open to their cry;
Ere the great water floods receive their mission,
To hinder them who would to God draw nigh:
We'll not delay for mercy's gift to bow,—
Salvation's one accepted time is NOW!

Thou art a place to hide me in, when sorrow
With heavy hand pursues my trembling soul;
My preservation from Thy arm I borrow,
Which can adversity and pain control;
And when deliverance to me belongs,
Thy love shall compass me with joyful songs.

May I, so sinful, hope for such a blessing,
That *sin be not imputed unto me?*
That I, who am no one good thing possessing,
May stand as pure and guileless before Thee?
Thou, who art ever God most holy,—I
Scarred and defiled by sin from infancy!

O Lord, the mystery of Thy loving kindness,
Far, far exceeds my finite power of thought:
That *I* should be delivered from my blindness,
And to the path of light and life be brought;
And be accounted holy, for the sake
Of Him Who did our guilty nature take!

Oh, what free grace! what tender love amazing!
For God-Head to embrace humanity,
And by the touch, the lower nature raising,
To win forgiveness, peace, and purity!
A *man* may gain the blessing of God's smile,—
And *God* can look on man as without guile!

Lord, may my life-long and sincere devotion,
Evince my grateful sense of Thy dear love;
Let not my ardour vanish in emotion,
But let my thankfulness each action prove:
And, that I may not wander, ever show
Thyself to me, and teach me where to go!

I would not miss the way which Thou approvest,—
That is the only path I wish to tread:
Reveal to me, oh Thou Whom my soul lovest,
The narrow road where Thou Thy light dost shed:
Thou hast for me Thy sacred life-blood given,
Oh, guide me with Thine eye from earth to heaven!

Let the sweet influence of Thine eye be leading,
My willing soul with gently drawing love;
I would not be like horse and mule, who're needing
The force of bit and bridle lest they move;
Only *look* on me, dearest Lord, and I
Will follow the mute guidance joyfully!

Then shall my soul escape the fearful trials,
And dreadful plagues that still remain for them,
Who meet Thy offered grace with light denials,
And dare Thy pardoning mercy to contemn;
I rest with all who put in Thee their trust,
And know their God compassionate and just.

On every side Thy mercy is enclosing,
Thy blessed children in its sweet embrace;
And tenderly its arm is interposing
To shield them, and convey Thy gifts of grace;
No sorrow can approach, no trial sting,
Without permission from our watchful King.

Oh must we not rejoice! must not the sadness
We feel from sin and suffering, pass away,
When God Himself encompasseth with gladness,
The pardoned souls that on His mercy stay?
Be joyful, ye true hearts that love the Lord,
For He is your exceeding great reward!

Psalm 38th.

"Put me not to rebuke, O Lord, in Thine anger, neither chasten me in Thy heavy displeasure."

Rebuke me not in anger, Lord, and do not chasten
me,
As I confess my many sins deserve most worthily;
The arrows of Thy wrath are sharp,—they rankle
deep and fast,
Wherever, guided by Thy hand, their pointed shaft
is cast.

A tedious sickness is my lot,—there is no health
in me,
Because of Thy displeasure at my foul iniquity;
I suffer much, and know no rest, external or within,
Yet dare not murmur, for it is by reason of my sin.

My wickednesses, like a flood, have gone above my head,
Corrupt, defiled, thro' foolishness, my wounded heart hath bled;
No part of me is innocent—no part can then escape
From that just Hand which wars with sin in every hateful shape.

Like a sore burden, far too great for my weak soul to bear,
Are the dark sins that fill my life with suffering and care:
The trouble and keen misery which Thou dost on me lay,
For these transgressions, make my heart go mourning all the day.

For I am filled with sharp disease: my body all is sick;
Thy messenger of pain hath come, and touched me to the quick;
Lord, Thou hast smitten very sore; I tremble 'neath Thy dart,
And moans I cannot hush, reveal disquietness of heart.

Yet, Lord, no suffering comes to me, save that
which Thou hast bid;
Thou knowest my intense desire,—my yearning is
not hid;
'Tis wisdom, and not ignorance, that still Thy love
restrains,
From sending health renewed to me, and healing
all my pains.

My fluttering heart, my failing strength, are ever in
Thy sight;
Thou knowest how my weakened eyes shrink from
the cheerful light;
Thou seest how many I once loved now stand afar
from me,
Because my trouble from Thy hand hath fallen
heavily.

And oh, Thou knowest my enemies—my spiritual
foes
Have sought to take my spirit's life since Thy just
anger rose!
They go about to do me harm, and lay their subtle
snares,
And try to pour their wickedness upon me unawares.

They tempt me with most sinful thoughts, and with
deceit and guile,
They whisper fearful things, and say with cold and
mocking smile,
"God hath forsook thy wretched soul, He loveth
thee no more,
"Else would He now forget the sin He punisheth
so sore."

I dare not answer them, Oh Lord; as one both deaf
and dumb,
I wait till Thou, in Whom I trust, in majesty shalt
come,
And silence all their mockeries, and with one
crushing word,
Destroy the power of sin and make Thy voice of
mercy heard.

Let them not triumph over me—those watching
enemies!
For if my heedless foot should slip, their malice it
would please;
Oh purify and guard my soul, let no keen pain
awake
One murmur from the heart where Thou love's
chastening fire dost make.

My foes may blindly triumph now, for truly I am set
In such a plague that my worn frame no rest or ease can get;
My heaviness and constant pain are ever in Thy sight,
Yet I can say, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

I do confess my wickedness, I'm sorry for my sin;
I own my grievous punishment less than my guilt has been;
But while mine adversaries live, with cruel enmity,
They will distress my harassed soul, and hate me wrongfully.

Yet, thro' Thy gracious help, my God, I will not them regard,
But strive to follow what is good, in easy ways or hard,
Only forsake me not, dear Lord, be *Thou* not far from me,
And I shall learn to bear Thy will, and suffer cheerfully.

Oh, haste to help me! for my soul is feeble and
dismayed;
But with Thy arm to succor me I will not be afraid;
Thy Son hath died to save our souls from Thy just
indignation,—
Forgive me then for His dear sake, oh God of my
salvation!

Psalm 51st.

"Have mercy on me, oh Lord, after Thy great goodness, according to the multitude of Thy mercies, do away mine offences."

Lord, show Thy goodness great to me,
I rest upon this only plea:
And do not Thou my many sins reward,
According to their merits, but Thy mercies, Lord!
Oh wash me from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sin,
For I acknowledge all my faults, and long Thy grace to win:
Against Thee only have I sinned, and all this evil done,
Directly in Thy holy sight, a rebel 'gainst Thy Son.

Guilt has been with me every day,
Since I could choose or reason: nay,
"Shapen in wickedness, conceived in sin,"
Before my conscious life, my evil did begin;

Then, tho' Thou smite me very sore, and cast me to
the ground,
And compass with sharp suffering my daily path
around,
Still would the sentence be deserved, and Thou be
justified,
And clear when Thou wert judged by man, what-
ever Thou decide.

For Thou requirest inward truth,
Even from infancy and youth;
And by Thy power my sin shall be destroyed,
And wisdom's light be understood and so enjoyed!
In secrecy and quietness Thy mercy shall illume,
My darkened soul, and purge away its stains of
gathered gloom;
And from the faults, which Thou alone, Omniscient
God, can'st know,
Thy love shall cleanse me, and my soul be whiter
than the snow.

Ah, when I hear Thy pardoning voice,
The bones Thou'st broken shall rejoice!
For Thou shalt make me hear the gladdest sound,
That in the earth or heaven could for me be found:
I shall forget my body's pain, and think of joy alone,
When my poor soul is purified, and Satan overthrown:

Oh Lord of mercy! turn Thy face from my misdeeds
away,
And make my heart a temple clean, where Thou
canst ever stay.

A spirit right in me renew,
Simple and kind, and good and true:
Keep me so near Thee that my life may show,
That by Thy guidance, tho' unseen, my steps do go;
Take not the Holy Ghost away! unworthy tho' I be,
Of this surpassing Guest divine, this pledge of purity!
For were the Lord and Giver of my life to quit my
soul,
The darkest thoughts and deeds of sin would rage
without control.

Sometimes I feel as if I were,
Without my heavenly Comforter;
Oh then, what sorrow fills my mourning heart!
What grieving for the sin that made His light
depart!
I know I'm *not* forsaken, yet, oh Holy Spirit, give
The *comfort* of Thy help again, and teach me how
to live
Established in free sovereign grace, that no tempta-
tion's power,
May overcome my trust in Thee, my God, my
strength, my tower.

When my own heart Thy rule obeys,
Then may I strive to teach Thy ways;
And other sinners shall be brought to love
Their Maker, their Redeemer, and their Strength above.
When I'm delivered from the guilt of Jesus' precious blood,
My tongue shall tell Thy righteousness, my life my gratitude:
Do Thou, O Lord, unclose my lips, and make me freely speak
The praises of my Saviour King, the merciful and meek.

Thou askest no burnt offering,
Else my glad hand its gift would bring;
Jesus hath died to save us from our sin,
And all sufficient hath love's great atonement been;
A troubled spirit, O my God, is all my sacrifice;
A broken and a contrite heart, Thou, Lord, wilt not despise;
Receive the worthless offering I humbly bring to Thee,
And make it what my Saviour Christ hath died to have it be.

And then, forgiven all my sin,
Another blessing I would win ;—
Oh Lord, be gracious to Thy Church, and keep
Thy Zion 'neath the care that cannot tire nor sleep ;
Build Thou her walls both high and strong, and be Thyself the tower,
To overlook her and protect in danger's fearful hour !
Teach Thou her children righteousness, and make them love alone,
The mighty God, the Prince of Peace, Who did for them atone.

Psalm 102nd.

"Hear my prayer, Oh Lord, and let my crying come unto Thee."

Lord, hear my prayer, and let my mournful cry,
Come even to Thy blessed throne on high;
In time of trouble hide not Thou Thy face;
But look on me, and hearken when I call,
For if Thou hear'st me not, my soul will fall,
A prey to misery and deep disgrace.

Then tho' my days shall be consumed away,
Like thin, light smoke, that has no lasting stay,
Still may the floating vapour rise to *Thee!*
Let it not wander vaguely o'er the earth,
But when 'tis time to leave its native hearth,
Make it ascend straight where it ought to be.

When in the heated furnace I remain,
Until I feel well nigh consumed with pain,
"Burnt like a fire-brand,"—I would not be found
A useless sufferer of selfish grief;
But let me, till Thy wisdom grant relief,
A holy light and warmth dispense around.

My heart is smitten: Master, like the Rock,
(*Thyself,*) that once refreshed Thy chosen flock,—
Thence let the "living water" ever flow,
That for some "little one" may drink provide,
And win their weak affections to Thy side,
Who can such comfort in affliction show.

Let not my sorrow's *blessing* be my own,
Altho' its *suffering* I must bear alone;
Like the poor solitary bird that dwells
In the waste wilderness, fulfilling there,
Her ordered duty, I my pains would bear
In silence, while my life Thy goodness tells.

But, oh my God, in spite of all Thy aid,
Oft am I sorrowful and sore afraid;
Mine enemies revile me all day long:
And they, who for my earnest efforts hate
My struggling soul, throw on me all the weight
Of fiendish anger and malicious wrong.

I know my sins deserve their buffeting,
And 'tis this knowledge points their hateful sting:
Thy indignation and just wrath allow
My weakened strength to fail, my days to go,
Like a vain shadow in a fleeting show,
Whose poor illusion passeth even now.

But THOU, O Lord, Thou ever shalt endure!
Here is my hope, and here my comfort sure:
  Thy memory throughout all time shall last;
And for the ages of Eternity,
Zion Thy matchless majesty shall see,
  After her time of trial is o'er past.

Have mercy now on Zion, Lord, arise!
For in the dust Thy bride, Thy chosen, lies;
  The time is come to pity and relieve
Thy suffering Church; and give Thy servants true,
The comfort of her blessing: and anew,
  To make the Gentiles Thy just sway receive.

Ah, when Thou Zion's glory wilt restore,
And there appear in majesty once more,—
  When Thou shalt heed her children's mournful
    word,
And their strong, earnest longing not contemn,—
The blessed record shall be writ for them,
  Who are to come, and they shall praise the Lord!

Look from the sanctuary of Thy throne,
And see me offering sad prayers *alone*,
  For Zion's wondrous blessing: ah, behold
The sorrow of a child of hers, whom Thou
Dost hold a captive, and dost disallow
  To enter bodily within Thy fold.

Deliver Thy poor prisoner, my God,
And ease me of my chains—that heavy load!
I know I am appointed unto death;
But ere that day arrive, let me declare
Thy name in Zion, and Thy worship where
Thy gathered people offer prayers of faith.

May it not be? Then let Thy holy will,
In me and for me, all its work fulfil;
Thy wisdom hath brought down my strength:
Thy hand
My days hath shortened; and I'll only pray
That I may not be taken hence away,
Till in Thy presence I am fit to stand.

THY PRESENCE! Everlasting God, dare I
Hope for a place before ETERNITY?
Yes; Thou hast said Thy servants' seed shall stand
Ev'n in Thy holy sight for evermore;
And if they earnestly Thy grace implore,
No power shall pluck them from Thy mighty hand.

In the beginning Thou the heavens hast made,
And the foundations of the earth hast laid:
But they shall perish while Thou dost endure;
They shall wax old, and like a vesture worn,
Thy works shall from Thy majesty be torn,
And THOU be seen by them whose hearts are pure.

Then wilt Thou change the garment that we've seen,
Enwrap Thy viewless presence: and serene
In unveiled Deity, wilt hear us hail
The new revealing of Thy wondrous name;
But still we'll know Thee,—*Thou* art still the same,
THYSELF,—Oh God, can never change nor fail!

Psalm 130th.

"Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, Oh Lord: Lord, hear my voice."

Out of the deep I call,
Most earnestly on Thee:
Lord, hear me, lest my spirit fall
To deeper misery;
Oh, hearken to my feeble voice,
And make my trembling heart rejoice.

Out of the deep, dark cell,
I pray in accents faint,
Oh let Thine ears consider well,
The voice of my complaint:
Sin hath a power o'er my soul,
Which Thou, Thou only, canst control.

Out of the deep so dark,
I deprecate Thy wrath;
If Thou shouldst be extreme to mark
Our swervings from Thy path,
Who could abide the righteous doom,
That on the wandering soul would come?

Out of the deep, I pray
For Thy forgiveness free;
Cleanse Thou my stains of guilt away,
For mercy is with Thee;
Then ever, in Thy holy fear,
I'll pass my time of sojourn here.

Out of the deep I look
To Thee, Oh Lord, alone;
I, by all other help forsook,
Am on Thy mercy thrown;
My soul awaits Thy coming just,
For in Thy word I put my trust.

Out of the deep I flee,
To God, my mighty King;
And ere the morning watch I see,
Thy praises will I sing;
I'll wait not for the day to break,
But "in the night my songs" I'll make.

Out of the deep of grief,
Oh Israel, trust in God;
For Christ hath died to bring relief,
And mercy shed abroad;
"Plenteous redemption" hath been won,
Thro' the forgiveness of God's Son.

Out of the deep of *sin*,
  Oh call on God, and wait
Till He, 'gainst Whom th' offence hath been,
  Shall raise your low estate;
He will redeem and comfort all,
Out of the deep who on Him call.

Psalm 143r6.

"Hear my prayer, Oh Lord, and let my crying come unto Thee."

Hear Thou my prayer, Oh Lord,
And to my supplications lend Thine ear;
I rest upon Thy faithful word,
And long Thy gracious answering to hear;
For Christ my Saviour's sake, regard my cry,
Nor in my guilt unpardoned, let me die.

Thou seest me, sin-defiled,
Thy righteous judgment most unfit to meet;
Look not severely on Thy child,
Who humbly craveth mercy at Thy feet;
For in Thy sight were we by *merit* tried,
No living man could e'er be justified.

My sins and weakness make,
My daily life pass by in constant woe;
The enemy hath dared to take
My persecuted soul, and lay it low:
He smites me, and I sink upon the ground,
While suffering and infirmity abound.

The malice of his hate,
Darkens my life, and fills my soul with dread;
My trembling heart is desolate,
And dull and lone, as them who've long been dead;
My spirit overwhelmed, well nigh desponds,
Of being freed from his oppressive bonds.

My chiefest comfort when
Such sorrows overtake my struggling soul,
Is to recal to memory's ken,
The days when Thy strong power did control
The strength of Satan: And I wondering muse
On deeds of old, until my fears I lose.

In faith and trust renewed,
I stretch my hands imploringly to Thee;
My thirsty soul, with love imbued,
Will be refreshed: O hear me speedily!
Let not Thy hidden face of anger tell,
Lest I be like them who lay down in hell.

Tho' wrath would be most just,
Yet let Thy loving kindness come instead,
For in Thee only do I trust,
And by Thy teaching would my soul be led:
From all my foes, good Lord deliver me,
To Thy protection from their wiles I flee.

Teach me to do Thy will,
For Thou alone my Lord and Master art;
And let Thy Holy Spirit fill,
With His own goodness my poor wavering heart,
Lead me the path of righteousness to take,
And quicken me, Oh Lord, for Thy name's sake.

And out of trouble bring
My soul, Oh Master, for Thy righteousness;
To this dear hope I cling,
Knowing that for Thy sake my God will bless
His erring servant with His pardoning grace,
And free me from my foes, and let me see His face!

END OF THE SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS.

The Light of Life.

"I am the Light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." St. John, viii. 12.

Oh Holy Light! teach us to realize,
That even when our weakness hides
Thy glorious shining from our darkened eyes,
Thy presence still abides.

We stumble in the noon-day, as at night,
And grope as if we had no eyes;
We make our moaning prayer for day—when Light
In streams around us lies!

We call it dark when sorrow's shadow falls,
Across the path which we must tread;
The fearful thing our coward heart appals,
And makes us faint with dread.

But Light *is* beaming: Faith, when taught by God,
Sees that the way is clear and fair;
Grief's form itself is not upon the road,
'Tis but its shadow there.

Ah, if we truly follow Christ, our Head,
The Light of Life will ever shine
Where first His blessed guiding footsteps tread,
With brilliancy Divine!

We cannot walk in darkness, if we go
With faithful hearts, where Jesus is:
His Presence will a pure, bright radiance throw,
For all whom He calls His.

True, we may walk in dreary paths beneath
The shadow of a cross of pain;
Our sighs of human weakness we may breathe,
Our vexed souls may complain.

Where sharp thorns wound our feet, we may be led,
With daily suffering for our lot;
But even these ways with confidence we'll tread,
If Christ desert us not.

Bereavement, sickness, and infirmity,
(Hard, bitter trials!) sometimes may
Blind us with tears, so that we cannot see
Awhile the light of day.

But ah, the tender Hand that will at last
From mourning eyes wipe every tear,
Doth even o'er *these* woes such glory cast,
As doth the Cross endear.

One cloud alone can separate our souls,
From Him who is the world's true Light;
Where *sin* her tide of sullen darkness rolls,
Is gloomiest, blackest night.

But look how far the east is from the west!
So far our pitying God will move
The mists of sin from them who seek for rest,
In Christ's atoning love.

The power of darkness—sin, was overthrown
When Jesus died and rose again;
And trusting in His sacrifice alone,
We bear His cross of pain.

"The blessed steps of His most holy life,"
We strive to follow day by day;
His arm will guard us in our mystic strife,
His Light point out the way.

We often think our path is darksome, when
We've closed our wilful eyes to light;
Oh Saviour! tear away the bandage, then
There will be no more night!

Oh let us not in melancholy guise,
Uncertain wander to the end;
But with the grief Thou orderest to chastise,
Angels of mercy send.

The Truth shall make us free from every snare,
Which Satan's malice can contrive;
Dear Master, hear our earnest, heartfelt prayer,
And keep our faith alive.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; we come
As humble followers to be led by Thee,
Thro' earth's sad pilgrimage, to find a home
In Heaven's eternity!

Heaviness.

"When my spirit was in heaviness, Thou knewest my path."

Lord, roll the clouds away,
  Remove the heavy weight,
That presseth on my mind, and makes
  My heart feel desolate.
I cannot tell the cause of grief,
But ask OMNISCIENCE for relief.

For Lord, Thou seest all,
  Which is from me concealed,
Before the sun-light of Thine eye,
  Are hidden things revealed:
Thou knowest every cause of wo,
From whence our many trials flow.

I know them not;—but feel
  The strange result of pain;
I see not whence it comes, nor why
  My vexed soul should complain:
An aching sense of dull unrest,
Is on my heavy heart imprest.

The weight I feel may be
A proof of love displayed:
Perchance an angel's holy hand
Upon my breast is laid,
To keep its earth-born throbbings down,
Lest they might shake my blood-bought crown.

The heavy cloud that dims
The brightness of my hope,
And blinds my eyes with vapours dark,
Whenever I look up,
May be the pillar from God's hand,
To guide me to the promised land.

A cloud by day—a fire
When night her mantle flings;
A cloud when all around seems clear,
A light 'mid sufferings;—
Yet whether dark or light, a sign
Of God's unceasing love Divine.

Oh, if I only knew
That this indeed were so!
Could I be sure the heaviness
'Neath which I mourning go,
Were but the promised cross of Christ,
My pain should be my Eucharist!

But often times I fear,
  My spirit's heavy load
Is from the envious demon's hand,
  Who hates the sons of God;
And in his own permitted hour,
Exerts his whole dark crushing power.

But Thou, Lord, knowest all;
  Thy searching eye discerns
The wasting touch of grief, and marks
  The fire which inly burns:
Thou seest the sorrow and the cure,
And givest patience to endure.

Then to Thy holy care,
  My spirit I resign;
Give me but faith and trust in Thee,
  And I will not repine;
But by Thy grace sustained and blest,
I'll wait Thy pleasure for my rest!

Weep Not.

"Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him."

Weep for the suffering,—if ye will,
Who bitter pain are bearing;
For them who are, thro' months and years,
The chain of sickness wearing:
See on their tear-stained, pain-worn face,
Their longing for death's calm embrace,
And weep not for the dead,
The satisfied, calm dead!

Weep for the dying,—if ye will,
When pain and weakness sicken;
Yes, ye *may* shed your tears for them,
When shades of anguish thicken;
Your powerless love *may* make its moan,
O'er them who agonize alone;
But weep not for the dead,
The still, unsuffering dead!

Weep for the stricken,—if ye will;
The sorrowful and lonely
May claim your tenderest sympathy,
But weep for them—them only;
They, who have passed Death's solemn gate
To Christ, will ne'er be desolate.
So weep not for the dead,
The comforted, blest dead!

Weep for the mourners,—if ye will:
To them your tears are grateful,
Both when they suffer actual woes,
Or dread dim sorrows fateful;
Your sympathy to them is dear,
And precious while they're lingering here:
But weep not for the dead,
The happy, tearless dead!

Weep for the sinners,—if ye will;
The guilty, hopeless, faithless,
In danger of the misery
Of condemnation deathless,—
Demand our truest grief, lest time
Suffice not to repent their crime:
But weep not for the dead,
The saved, the hallowed dead.

Weep for earth's dwellers,—if ye will;
They have so many trials!
To all come sorrows, woes, and griefs,
A *life* of self-denials!
But when in Paradise they're blest,
They find repose on Jesus' breast:
Then weep not for the dead,
The resting, hopeful dead!

Oh, rather for the dead give thanks,
Rejoice in their great blessing!
Mourn not for *your* sad loss, but think
What joy *they* are possessing!
For them all grief and woe have ceased:
From parting, tears, and death released,
Why *should* we weep the dead,
The *sinless*, *living* dead!

The Cross of Flowers.

(Suggested by hearing of a Cross made of flowers buried in the clasped hands of a dead person.)

Heart-touching sermon! Angels from that text,
—The Flower-cross,—preached of hope and Paradise;
Raising all thoughts from this world to the next,
From griefs of earth to blessings of the skies:
Th' enfranchised spirit seemed to linger yet,
Around the silent, sleeping form of clay,
As tho' it could the parting half regret,
While on her breast the holy symbol lay.

How lovely is the sign! A Cross of Flowers!
Deep meaning lies beneath its beauty rare;—
The Christian clasps the rugged Cross, and pours
His full soul on the Saviour Who hung there;—
Then as great love wells up from the true heart,
The sharp and painful edges disappear,
Wreathed o'er with *flowers of faith*,—until to part
With the sweet emblem, were a thought of fear.

In life the Cross is still our pilgrim staff,
  Sign of our hope, and likeness to our Lord:
In death it is our dearest epitaph,
  When o'er the grave our faith we would record.
'Twas thine, Oh sleeping saint! and when the wing
  Of the death angel bore thy soul on high,
To Him Who bled thereon thy trust did cling,
  Ready for Him to live,—in Him to die.

For a few days the cold, still form remained,
  When the calm spirit had been gently reft;
But e'en thy coffined form deep truth contained,
  Not by the Church's tenderness yet left.
The Holy Cross she signed upon thy brow,
  In Baptism's cleansing wave, was thine in death;
Thy powerless fingers seem to clasp it now,
  Ne'er to resign the symbol of our faith.

No, not till that great day, when Michael's call,
  Shall summon quick and dead before the Throne:
Re-animated then—soul, body, all
  Thy nature trusting to the Cross alone;—
(The precious Cross where Christ, our Judge, once bled,
  Our willing sacrifice;)—thy faith shall be
All lost in sight, and thou by angels led
  To share God's love to all eternity.

Thy body in the illumined grave must rest,
Till Jesus wake His sleeping saints again;
That time *may* be so distant, that thy dust
Alone to human vision may remain:
And the fair Cross of Flowers will wither quite,
And with thy ashes its dead beauty blend;
Tho' not with thee to rise again in light,
To everlasting glory to ascend.

For in our perfect Home, we'll need no more
The symbols, which, while darkly passing through
Earth's weary sojourning,—life's gloomy door,—
Helped our weak souls to win a clearer view
Of the great mysteries, and strange verities,
And lofty hopes, and promises profound,
And blessedness to which man may arise,
And all the treasures hid in "holy ground."

Angels assisted at thy burial,
And mingled with earth's mourning, hoping group,
Ready to sympathize at sorrow's call,
They from their thrones of glory willing stoop:
They, with the Church's children, saw and heard
Thy testimony in death's solemn hour,
When by the Cross' sign, without a word,
Thy hope was shown in Christ's Almighty power.

All things are His: of Him Thy life and death,
Bore truthful witness by obedient love:
The living praise Thee, Lord, by active faith,
And by communion here with Thee above:
And when the spirit must from earth depart,
And would its dying faith in Christ record,
The witness comes unvarying from the heart,
"Truly my hope is even in Thee, Oh, Lord!"

Little Anne.

A strain of music, soft and sweet, rolled thro' the courts above,
When little Anne's spirit sought her blissful home of love;
Her heavenly Saviour welcomed her, His own redeemèd one,
And angels gladly cherished her who from our earth has gone:
Her earthly father too rejoiced to meet his baby there,
To know that *one* he loved was now beyond the reach of care.

Did ye not hear who watched beside that infant's dying bed,
And saw the final struggle, ere ye felt "the child is dead,—"
Did ye not hear the echo of that heavenly music's sound,
That rung thro' Paradise to greet the pet lamb "lost and found?"

And did ye not, e'en thro' the gloom and shadow
cast by death,
See her pure spirit soar above, with the keen eye of
faith?

Oh Christian mother! if to thee *was* granted such
relief,
We know where strength was gained to still the
murmuring sound of grief;
We know it was thy Saviour's voice in accents kind
and mild,
That soothed thy sorrow in the hour of parting
with thy child;
'Tis He Who calms thy agony although "the babe
is not:—"
"Our Father chastens whom He loves, and thou art
not forgot."

Thy little one unfearingly met the last cruel foe,
She came off conqueror in that hour, nor struck a
single blow;
For Jesus loved her to the end, and fought the fight
for her,
Then *gave* her all the blessing that victory could
confer;
And now she lives in rest with Him, and sees His
glorious face;
Is it not love's own mystery,—an infant saved by
grace?

Then lay her gently in the earth, and leave her there alone,
Nor mourn too sadly for the babe just "born, baptized, and gone;"
For only one short year has fled, since to the font ye bore
The child who now hath passed life's waves, and gained Heaven's peaceful shore;
Ye "buried her in baptism" with her Saviour in that hour,—
But *once* again shall she be "sown in weakness, raised in power."

God took her early to Himself, because He loved her well,
The fairest and the purest souls He takes with Him to dwell;
He thus prepares a place for thee by calling her before,—
Thou hast one charge on earth the less—in Heaven one treasure more:
Then humbly, meekly bow beneath thy Saviour's chastening rod;
Thy little Anne now is with her father—and with GOD.

The Gathered Lily.

'My Beloved has gone down into His garden to gather lilies."—Song of Solomon, vi. 2.

Beloved Lord! unveil Thy face,
And comfort's peace awaken:
Show to our faith a little space,
The flower Thou hast taken:
Jesus, Thy consolation give
To them who suffer loss—yet live.

Oh, gracious Saviour, let our heart,
By vivid faith beholding,
The tender lily, which Thou art
In Thy embrace enfolding,
Find in the vision such a joy,
As nothing mournful can destroy.

Thou, Lord, hast walked within the bound,
Of Thy own Church, Thy garden,
And there, in infant beauty, found
A soul Thy love did pardon,
And granted her a quick release,
From all the storms of life, to peace.

Oh Sacred Gardener! Thine eye
Discerned the lovely blossom,
And in its early purity,
'Tis gone to grace Thy bosom:
Hast Thou come down to gather flowers?
The lilies are Thy own, not ours.

It is Thy garden, and the dew
Of Holy Baptism laving
The tender flowers with a true,
Yet sacramental saving,
Has marked as Thine, for life and death,
The blossoms cherished by Thy breath.

Lord Jesus Christ! one Easter day
From death Thou didst awaken;
A loving heart turned sad away,
Deeming herself forsaken:
Thou called'st "Mary!" at the word,
She knew and blest her risen Lord.

She knew Thee not at first, but thought
In her distress so blinding,
Thou wert the Gardener, and sought
Thy aid, her Lord in finding:
But at Thy first familiar call,
Her spirit owned the Lord of All!

And art Thou not a Gardener,
Oh Lord most condescending?
Doth not Thy gracious Hand confer
Care on Thy flowers unending?
Ah! welcome when Thou comest down,
To gather lilies for Thy crown!

All are Thine own; Thy blood has bought
The soil where they are planted;
All help they need, Thy hand hath brought;
All care, Thy love has granted:
Their life, their growth, their purity,
Their worth and beauty, come from Thee.

Then, Master, come whene'er Thou wilt,
And Thy own lilies gather;
And in the Heaven Thou hast built,
Present them to Thy Father:
Even the saddest hearts must own,
They're safer when so near Thy throne.

'Tis hard to part; and tears will fall
In sympathetic sorrow,
Ev'n when we point above, and all
Heaven's consolations borrow:
The darling lily, lost to sight,
Was plucked by Him Who had the right.

Pure infant soul! sweet cherished flower!
In Paradise thou'rt blooming;
And love bereft, must wait the hour
Of the great Gardener's coming,
To summon them to see thee there,
Clothed in immortal beauty rare.

The pure young lily scenteth now,
The garden of the Master,
In higher realms; where it will grow
To sweet perfection faster,
Than if below it had remained,
By earthly contact soiled and stained.

Thou calledst "Mary," and her soul
At Thy blest voice ascended;
It left our home, and grief and joy
Were in the parting blended:
For she was Thine: her purity
Is now possessed immortally.

Had longer life been given to her,
The flower of Thy planting
Might have forgot the Gardener,
Who all her joys was granting;
Long life and earthly happiness
Oft lead away whom He would bless.

Thou only knowest, oh Beloved!
And Thou the flower hast taken,
To be where lilies never are
By storms or tempests shaken;
But where their frail life grows to be
Enduring as Eternity!

Oh Jesus, comfort hearts bereaved,
With Thy own consolation;
Let all their sorrow be relieved,
Thou God of our salvation:
And for the precious ties now riven,
Unite them evermore in Heaven!

The Dying Girl.

Is the end coming? Doth the time, the solemn
time draw nigh,
When Jesus' messenger shall come to bear her to
the sky?
When, flying like a wearied dove that longs to be
at rest,
She'll rise until she gains a home upon her
Saviour's breast?

Ye watch beside her bed of pain, and tears must
often start,
As to your minds the thought will come, "how
soon she may depart!"
But even in that saddened hour a ray of hope ye
see,
For 'tis her Saviour standing near, and saying,
"Come to ME."

Oh when your faith is strongest, ye can recognize
His voice,
And were it in your power to choose, His way
would be your choice;
With calm submission ye can yield your darling
one to God,
To rest forever from the path where she so long
hath trod.

For pain and sickness have been hers: yet, oh how
bright have shown
The graces of the Holy One Who sealed her for
His own;
In the uncomplaining patience of her loving, guile-
less heart,
We trace His work before Whose face the shades
of sin depart.

We oft have thought your precious one was all too
good for earth,
As innocent from acted sin as infants at their
birth;
Oh, happy angel to whose charge this pure young
soul was given,
For she, like him, shall ever see our Father's face
in heaven!

For "blessed are the pure in heart," our own dear
Master said;
This benediction surely rests upon your darling's
head,
Her spirit glorified, will go to "see God" in that
home,
Where weakness and disease and pain, and death
shall never come.

If it shall prove to be God's will that she to bliss
arise,
Ere earth hath dimmed her purity, to see Him in
the skies;
Oh gladly let her go to sleep upon her Saviour's
breast,
Where, soothed by His consoling power, your weary
dove shall rest.

The first Birth-day in Heaven.

(ON THE SAME AS THE PRECEDING.)

What sad, yet joyful memories swell in our hearts
to-day!
For scarcely six short months have sped since thou
wert called away;
And now the ceaseless tread of Time with solemn
echo falls,
And thy unheeded birth-day to our loving thoughts
recals.

'Twas in the brilliant summer time that thou wert
sent to earth,
And in the language of this world, then was thy
day of birth:—
'Twas in a dreary winter month thou did'st resign
thy breath,
And that in mortal speech we call, the moment of
thy death.

But oh, how different in thy home must these two
periods seem!
For what on earth we fancy life, the angels death
would deem:
'Twas LIFE when thou, in winter's gloom so gently
passed away,
And but a dying state begun on that bright August
day.

Oh let us now reverse the terms: experience will
prove
How far more truly they were used, when we too
rise above;
Earth's coming sorrow cast a cloud that dimmed
the summer ray,
And Heaven's approaching blessedness illumed the
wintry day.

Our eyes may fill with tears while we are waiting
for the dawn,
Of thy earliest spirit-birth-day since thou from
earth hast gone,
But blessed is the consciousness to us in mercy
given,
That thou art passing it in rest amid the joys of
Heaven.

We bend in gratitude to Him Who could not judge amiss,
That in His sight thou wert prepared to share eternal bliss;
And we, who need a longer course of chastening and pain,
To fit us for that peaceful rest, may not for this complain.

'Tis all past now: the privilege of watching over thee,
And ministering to thy wants with tender sympathy,
Has been reclaimed by Him Who freely poured the crimson tide
Of His own life blood, to retain His children by His side.

For surely 'twas a favor lent by the kind hand of God,
To be allowed with willing love to smooth thy weary road,
Which, leading *thee* to highest heaven, shed blessing all around,
And made thy fond attendants feel they stood on "holy ground."

Yes: nearest to the sacred veil which shrouds
God's secret things,
Are they whom sorrow's ministry, by love's
attraction brings;
And o'er the darkest portion, they can trace the
gleams of light,
Which, for the tried and chastened one, shine forth
so heavenly bright.

The heart, where patience' perfect work in gentleness
is found,
Can ne'er be blest *alone* by light—it beams on all
around:
And such was thine, thou sainted one, and often
have we known,
The heavenly glory which from God upon thy spirit
shone.

We oft have watched and caught the rays reflected
on thy brow,
Which in their fadeless beauty, are thine own
forever now;
And pondered on the lesson meek submission ever
saith,
"Oh bear the Saviour's holy cross,—be faithful
unto death!"

And now the crown of life He gives to all who thus endure,
Is thine; and thine too is the lot of them in spirit pure;
Ah, we would not have thee here again, to rend that crown away,
And bid thee take that heavy cross, from which thou'rt freed for aye.

But gratefully we think of thee, without one vain regret;
And by the love that once was thine, we never will forget;
Our faithful memory will deem, as circling seasons roll,
Each day a "*happy birth-day*" for thy pure and ransomed soul!

Lines,

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"When thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, 'Friend, go up higher."

Thou hast been bidden, friend, a wedding guest;
And thou hast truly ta'en the lowest room,
E'en the dark, narrow chamber of the tomb,—
Obeying the death-angel's stern behest!
But we who knew the faith by thee possest,
Thy true devotion, thy unwearied zeal,
Thy love to Jesus and His Church, must feel
Thou art not in the grave, but with the blest!
Thy summoned spirit went to meet its Lord,
To Whom, thro' life, it meekly did aspire,
And faithfully and humbly here adored;
Thou'rt bid from earth to Eden, nor wilt tire
Of that sweet rest, until the Bridegroom's word,
Reach thee in Paradise, "Friend, go up higher."

The Temple.

"I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eyelids to slumber, neither the temples of my head to take any rest, until I find out a Temple for the Lord."

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God?"

Alas, I cannot rest!
While the chime rings loud and free,
To call the Church to pray and praise,
And learn the Master's heavenly ways,
For there is no word for me!
Within the temple I would be,
For her holy services I yearn,
But there rises a viewless barrier stern,
And shuts her doors on me!

Sickness hath chained my limbs,
With unyielding, iron might;
My aching, lonely heart desponds
Of being freed from these close bonds,
And saved from disease's blight.
In suffering's dim and wakeful night,
I strive to find out a fitting place,
To count as God's Temple, where His grace,
May shine with special light.

But ah, how vain the search,
For my days are all the same;
A weary captive, doomed to dwell,
Within a single, narrow cell,
Is my lot, except in name!
The earnest anxious wish that came,
For some place and hour, to dedicate
As a sacred temple's hallowed gate,
Is more than I can claim.

Thus chafed my ardent soul,
'Gainst its prison bars, and sighed
To think of dear and by-gone days,
When I too, went to pray and praise,
In the church's holy tide:—
When to my thought a voice replied,
"Mourn not for thy loss, for near at hand,
And to satisfy thy soul's demand,
God's Temple doth abide."

"What! knowest thou not the truth,
That thy *body* is the shrine,
And temple of the Holy Ghost,
Where God the Father loveth most,
To erect His holy sign?
The lustre of the Cross doth shine,
From gleams *of the sun* on steeples tall,
Or traced on the church's roof or wall;—
But in *hearts*, from LIGHT DIVINE!"

"Thy body, vile and poor,
As it seems, and as it is,
So frail, so weak, so suffering,
That every touch a pang doth bring,
Was formed for most wondrous bliss!
Let not thy murmuring spirit miss,
The mercy and grace by Jesus given,
To assist thee on thy path to Heaven,
And a temple, such as this!"

"Thy priest is Christ Himself,—
What need'st thou human aid?
If 'tis denied, thy Master sees,
That thou, without it, Him canst please;
Oh let not thy soul be afraid!
The temple by the INMATE made
Holy and worthy, is blest, although
The building's foundation is so low
As human nature laid."

My body, weak and sick,—
What a temple for the Lord!
The broken roof, the struggling light
Creeping thro' windows dark with blight,
With their clearness unrestored,—
The altar where He is adored,
Is so damp and foul from sin's black stain,
That the flame of love within the fane,
Is an unmeaning word.

Unfit, yet holy made
By the blessed Spirit's power,
Himself its seed of purity,
The pledge of immortality,
I long for my future dower!
Tho' doubt and fear and sin may lower,
My body's a temple, my Lord the Priest,
His Presence my Eucharistic Feast,
Till the glorious judgment hour!

Sudden Death.

"From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us!"

Not in the crowded street,
Amid the strife of busy tongues and noise of busy feet,
Let the Death Angel come to summon me;
The flutt'ring pinions of my soul would beat,
Against the worldly-loaded air so very wearily!
How could she upward bear her vital breath,
Through such an atmosphere? From sudden death,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Not when love's faint last word,
Which sad survivors fondly prize, must be unsaid, unheard,
Let me be found by death: Ah, might one choose,
An end of greater pain might be preferred,
That for dear friends, the parting pang some bitterness might lose,
By having love exprest by dying breath,
To comfort them: From *lonely*, sudden death,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Not when my soul hath strayed
In wilful blindness from the vows which it to Thee hath made,
Jesus, my Saviour, let Thy coming be!
But when my every sin and grief I've laid,
Low at the foot of Thy dear Cross, my Master, summon me,
And let me answer Thee in humble faith;
Only from *unprepared* and sudden death,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Not when the startled cries
Of mourners suff'ring from the shock must o'er my clay arise,
Let stern Death seize me in his cold embrace.
Ah, holy Master, in whatever guise
Thy mandate comes, give me, I pray, some little warning space!
Whene'er Thou wilt, Lord, I would yield my breath;
But if it may be so, from sudden death,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Oh let my soul be fit
To meet Thee, Lord, when Thou shalt please to send and summon it!
For Thou dost see, oh Jesus, all my need,
From the right Hand on high, where Thou dost sit,
And ever for Thy children weak, Thy perfect merits plead.

Thou, always gracious to the prayer of faith,
Wilt hear our humble cry, From sudden death,
Good Lord, deliver us!

In Thy true hand I leave
My life and death, only do Thou my parting soul receive!
For Thou alone can'st save it from the doom
Of them who do the Holy Spirit grieve,
And cleanse its stains and make it fit to find in Heaven a home!
When Thou, Life-giver, dost reclaim our breath,
(Unless we're well prepared) From sudden death,
Good Lord, deliver us!

And Jesus, comfort those,
Who're suffering from the fearful weight of quick bereavement's blows;
Thou only, who hast made the feeling soul,
Shrink back in terror from such stunning woes,
The anguish of a life-long grief hast power to control:
Our sympathy the warm prayer uttereth,
"From the keen sorrow caused by sudden death,
Good Lord, deliver them!"

Love.

"Lord, behold he whom Thou lovest is sick!"

Lord, I know that Thou dost love me!
  Thy face is sometimes veiled,
That the shaded light may prove me,
And the shrouding dimness move me,
  To *trust* when sight hath failed.

Lord, my heart is very weary,
  My suffering is keen;
And the deepening shadows near me,
Hide the light whose beams would cheer me,
  With celestial peace serene.

Yet the Heavenly mercy shineth,
  Where other light is not;
And the bruised soul divineth,
As all earthly joy declineth,
  The *secret* of its lot.

Yes, when outer light is hidden,
The eye of faith grows bright;
And the fearful heart is chidden,
And the soul to walk is bidden,
By faith, and not by sight.

Though the heavy cloud of sickness
Is a sad weight, no doubt,
Trusting love will pierce the thickness,
And with magic, wondrous quickness,
Hope's star will soon smile out.

I am sick, Lord; sick in spirit,
And sick in body too;
For the doom which I inherit,
And my utter want of merit,
Hide Heaven from my view.

Here disease and sin united,
(A hateful company!)
All of joy and promise blighted,
My desert is to be slighted,
Yet, Lord, THOU lovest *me!*

And, oh miracle of power!
Through Thy great mercy free,
Although brooding sins still lower,
And corruption is my dower,
Thou knowest *I love Thee!*

Ah, Love can change all grieving,
Into a song of praise;
And God's open Hand relieving,
And the troubled heart receiving,
Give proof of Love's sweet ways.

For the touch of Love is tender,
And heals the wound it brings;
Our most fervent thanks we render,
To our Fatherly pain-sender,
For His gentle chastenings.

Let us not deem grief surprising,
Nor greet it with "Behold!
"He Thou lovest is sick!" despising
Secret lessons of chastising,
Which God would soon unfold.

Grant me, Lord, such gracious blessing,
That when all light is dim,
From the clouds and darkness pressing,
I—the gift of Christ possessing,
May ever look to Him!

Flowers.

Ask ye of me what gift of love
  Affords me most delight?
What is most grateful to my heart,
  And charming to my sight?

Oh, bring me flowers, if ye would soothe
  My weary hours of pain;
If aught could work the mission, they
  Would win me health again.

Flowers, eloquent with innocence,
  Recal the time, ere sin
Let, on the new creation fair,
  Disease and sickness in.

Soft as a pitying Angel's sigh,
  Their fragrance, pure and rare,
Borne strangely from their tinted leaves,
  Floats on each breath of air.

Or if in scentless grace they bloom,
  Their beauty whispers low,
That I should feel unquestioning faith
  In Him "Who clothes them so."

I love their sweet companionship,
  And never seem alone,
When I can see their hues and feel
  Their calmly soothing tone.

Most like those loving, ready hearts,
  That only wait to know
God's will, and then to soothe distress,
  Unselfishly will go;—

These gentle flowers, that in the air
  And sunlight, love to bloom,
Come gladly with their smile, to cheer
  The sick one's darkened room.

Nay, there it seems they longer live;
For I have often thought,
It was as if the flowers knew
The comfort sweet they brought.

Their gentle ministry fulfilled,
They wither at my side:
And tears have often fallen to mourn
My flowers when they died.

Then wonder not, if when ye ask,
What token ye shall bring
To show your love and sympathy,
I say, "the flowers of Spring!"

Precious Stones.

"For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones."—Psalm cii. 14.

Dim, floating visions of the holy land,
  By fancy summoned, ever filled my heart;
A yearning on her hallowed soil to stand
  Hath so possessed my soul, that tears oft start,
Because such joy will never be attained,
Such gratified desire will ne'er be gained.

A cloud-idea, formless and unfixed,
  And wand'ring in the misty realms of thought,
A longing with Reality unmixed,
  My spirit felt: For objects true it sought,
That should redeem from these vague dreams of mine,
The venerated land of Palestine.

Some simple stones from thence have been to me,
As charms, evoking to my willing view,
The landscape fair—Rock, town and rill and sea,
A scene like home, so vivid and so true;
The seeming worthless things are amulets,
To call up forms, faith's mem'ry ne'er forgets.

A rocky fragment broke from "*Jacob's well*,"
Where Jesus waited, weary and alone,
Summons a perfect picture that will dwell
Forever with me: And the small grey stone
That hath beheld Christ in *Jerusalem*,
I'd not exchange for ocean's purest gem.

"*Siloam's*" shaded rill,—the "*Dead Sea*" waves,
Glide past my mind's awakened eye; and Saul
"Exceeding mad" to fill more martyr graves,
I see, as he upon "*the Road*" did fall,
While Heaven's surpassing light around him shone;
What if those beams fell on this very stone?

"*Mount Tabor's*" ancient summit rises too,
"An everlasting hill," to my charmed eyes;
While dearer still,—most precious, tender, true,
A relic from "*Gethsemane*," I prize.
"He oft resorted thither;" Oh, my God,
Perchance Thy Foot upon this stone hath trod!

Thus Fancy, led by slight realities,
  Gives to a loving heart her longed for food;
Pebbles from cherished, dear localities,
  Change an Ideal, to a Real good:
"The very stones cry out," and with glad voice,
Bid faith in Zion's future to rejoice.

My eyes have seen the rocky fragments dear,
  My hand has touched what erst hath touched
    that soil;
Content thee, soul, with this one privilege here,
  But struggle daily, hourly, ceaseless toil
To be thyself "a living stone," to gem
The Crown of Christ, in new Jerusalem!

The Storm Wind.

(February 20th, 1854.)

Oh hear the wind! the fearful wind!
  Now it is roaring, wailing past,
As if despairing souls were borne,
  Upon its pitiless, keen blast.
Now it is lulling, sinking down,
  As if the last fierce effort tired
Its mighty wing, and quelled the voice,
  With such strange violence inspired.

Now soaring high once more, it broods
  Above our dwellings;—then with might,
In angry fury sweepeth round
  The walls that guard us from its spite:
Oh hush—be still! thou fierce snow wind!
  Our spirits quail before thy cry:
Our heart must tremble as it feels
  Thy sobbing voice go sweeping by.

I start in terror as I hear
  Thy sharp vindictive turmoil rage
Above familiar, common sounds,
  That do our daily thoughts engage;—
Ah, that unearthly wail again!
  What does it mean? What can it be?
Storming and blowing where thou wilt,
  No human eye thy way can see.

Yet is there one *sweet* whisper heard,
  E'en 'mid the wind's tumultuous strife,—
Breathing a gentle, teaching word,
  To them who live the Christian life.
The loudest cry can drown it not;
  It saith,—"Ev'n so is every one,
Born of the viewless Spirit's birth,
  Not understood, nor prized, nor known."

The fierce, exulting, powerful wind,
  May wrestle with and overcome
Many a precious, valued thing,
  The darling of some heart or home:
Even so the Holy Spirit's might,
  Will struggle in our souls, and win
At any cost, an entrance there,
  And kill its dearest, cherished sin.

Awhile He seems to stay His breath,
And cease to battle with our foe;
But strong and clear He'll rise again,
And as He listeth, He will blow
Away the wickedness and pride,
That fill the weak and feeble heart;
And when His Presence cheers the soul
The storms and clouds of sin depart.

Fast linked Thy gracious words, Oh Christ,
Are with the pathless wind's fierce voice:
And, even as my spirit fears,
My heart must in Thy truth rejoice.
The strife of nature will recal
Thy holy teaching; and I wait
For more revealing of Thy will,
To bless each wild and changeful state!

Watching.

"What! could ye not watch with Me one hour?"

Dost Thou require *one* hour of watching only,
The one brief hour of this, our mortal span?
And would'st Thou condescend to share Thy lonely
And awful vigil with a child of man?
Did Thy benign and tender love demand
So sweet a sympathy from mortal hand?

My Saviour, since that fearful night of anguish,
Thy calm reproach, a warning echo falls,
Upon our slumbering spirits; if we languish,
Thy unforgotten Voice upon us calls,
"What! can ye not watch one short hour with Me,
Who gave a life-long vigil you to free?"

I often feel Thy gracious accent asking
My weary soul this gentle inquiry:
When heavy grief my strength seems overtasking,
I hear Thee say, "Can'st thou not watch with Me?"
That word "with Me" makes my sad burden less,
And to the question I can answer "Yes."

Yes: tho' my tedious life should be extended
To that far limit—three score years and ten;
The weariness of watching all is ended,
Whene'er Thy Presence beams upon my ken:
Life's many years will seem like one short hour,
When borne and measured by eternal power.

My spirit sometimes faints when contemplating
The weary years my life may have to run;
For deepest hopes of truest joys are waiting
Till time be past,—Eternity begun.
It is a precious cordial in each woe,
"I cannot live forever here below!"

Yet, even when life seems most long and weary,
The solace for its tediousness I find
In the remembrance that my vigil dreary,
Is shared by the Redeemer of mankind;
His mournful, loving voice falls soothingly,
"My child, canst thou not watch one hour with *Me*?"

"One hour with Thee!" Lord, I would watch forever,
To win a moment of Thy Presence dear;
My soul from earthly joys would gladly sever,
To breathe one hour Love's holy atmosphere;
And when Thou offerest Eternity,
How joyfully I'll give my life to Thee!

By Thy most gracious help I'll watch in trial,
In grief, or pain, or even agony;
I'll watch beside Thy Cross, and self-denial
Shall be the token I belong to Thee:
The Prince and Power of Darkness I'll not fear,
Whilst Thou, my Lord, His Conqueror, art near.

Preserve me, Holy One, from idly sleeping
Upon the post where Thou my lot hast set;
Let me remember, while my watch I'm keeping,
That Thou dost share the mourner's vigil yet:
Oh Lord, as Thou impartest grace and power,
I'll faithful watch with Thee thro' life's dark hour!

Night Prayers.

I love to pray at night!
Her solemn stillness suiteth well
With the deep, awful thoughts that swell
From earth, to heaven's height.
Collected, serious, and calm,
My spirit tells its wants to God,
Pleading the merits of the Lamb,
The virtues of His sacred blood.

Earth and her cares oppress,
And sorrow's wailing cry ascends;
Deserted by her human friends,
She mourns her loneliness:—
Ah, *Spirit Night!* how dark thou art;
The moon and stars of human love,
Withdraw their shining from the heart,
And we are forced to look above.

'Tis then I love to pray!
Alone with God, alone with Christ,
His Spirit penetrates the mist,
And leads me to the day!
When natural darkness spreads around,
My spirit then most gladly soars;
When sorrow's deepest night is found,
My soul most perfectly adores.

Piercing the clouds of grief,—
Seeing by Faith what is concealed
From mortal view,—my blindness healed,—
I seek from Christ relief.
There is a new, intense delight,
A nearer drawing to my Lord,
When in the gloomy hours of night,
I plead His gracious promise word.

I feel the distance great
Between me and my risen King,
Around whose throne the angels sing,
In high, majestic state:
Then with a thrill of grateful joy,
I call to mind His human life,
When Darkness' prince had power to annoy,
But not to conquer, in the strife.

I feel that I possess
Christ's precious, perfect sympathy:
No angel, in his home on high,
Of lofty blessedness,
Could stoop to understand or know
The darkness, and the grief and shame,
That weigh a mortal spirit low,
But Christ their Lord, hath shared the same.

He suffered agony:
He tasted of the bitterest cup,
When on the Cross was offered up
Incarnate Deity.
He was deserted, left alone,
By man forsaken, and by—GOD!
My Saviour by Thy heart-wrung moan,
Hear me, from Thy now blest abode.

Thy anguish sore I plead;
Thy unknown suffering I dare
Recall to Thee in earnest prayer,
For Thou wilt hear indeed:
The sorrows, neither few nor light,
Which in our flesh Thou didst endure,
Embolden me to come by night,
To seek from Thee my sorrow's cure.

For faithless, earthly fear
Would whisper, "God is all too high,
And happy in yon glorious sky,
A mortal's plaint to hear.
There is no night where Christ now dwells,
No darkness ever shrouds His home;—
How can *He* heed the woe which swells
Thy spirit's grief to deepest gloom?"

"How can He sympathize
With paltry trials, such as thine?
How can the blessed King Divine,
Thy sorrows realize?
What warrant hath thy trembling heart,
That He will even hear its moan?
He is in boundless light,—thou art
On earth, in darkness and alone."

Ah faithless fear, I can
Thy whisperings refuse to heed;
My Saviour is my God indeed,
But also perfect man!
I reverence and love my Lord,
Incarnate, mortal, for my sake;
And from this union in "The Word,"
My comfort in all grief I take.

My High Priest merciful!
Bearing infirmity—compassionate—
Suffering temptation—that our state
Thou mightest know in full!
I come to thee in sorrow's night,
With perfect love that casts out fear,
Thou God of God, Thou Light of Light,
And offer prayers Thy grace will hear!

Christian joy.

"Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations."

I've often feared my Christian vow was no sincere
profession,
Because the Spirit's varied fruits were not in my
possession:
"Love, Joy,"—ah, there I fain must stop; I had
no claim to gladness,
My tried and tempted soul was wrapt in sorrow's
garb of sadness:
Because the glowing fruit of "Joy" was not to me
imparted,
I feared the Holy Ghost had gone and left me
broken-hearted.

It was an ignorant, rash thought,—God's mercy faileth never!
He sent to me a messenger, (whom may Heaven bless forever;)
Who, knowing not my faithless grief, bade me account *temptation*
Itself for *joy*, and told me to rejoice in tribulation!
The temple of the Holy Ghost was not then left forsaken,
But grief must be accounted joy: and woe glad praise awaken.

What tho' I enter heavenly rest through much keen tribulation?
Still will my heart rejoice in Thee, oh God of my salvation!
When first I feel some piercing wound, I know quick tear-drops starting,
Might seem complaining to denote; but when surprise departing
Leaveth my spirit calm and clear, the thoughtful impulse welling
From my heart's depths is thankfulness, to fervent praises swelling.

For many a sharp and secret wound is given me while bending
Beneath that yoke so good to bear while youth its strength is lending,
But never yet had any pang the power to pierce so keenly,
That after the first shock was past, my soul could not serenely
Bless God with deep, warm gratitude: for every bitter sorrow,
If recognized as sent by Him, Joy's soothing light will borrow.

And well it is so! Else my life had little worth desiring,
For hopes of earthly happiness for me are all expiring;
No prospect of delight is shown in years stretched out before me,
But heavy, threat'ning shadows cast a pall of sorrow o'er me:
Youth's pleasant time is fleeting by,—sweet health long since departed,
And left no promise of return to cheer the heavy hearted.

Yet this, with many another grief, within my breast deep hidden,
Must be accounted for all Joy,—so hath the Master bidden:
My soul is willing to obey; but ah, the flesh, through weakness,
Too often clogs the readiness of humble faith and meekness:
The earthly nature shrinks from pain, and cometh near despising
Thro' ignorance and fearfulness, God's sternly kind chastising.

Still, while He sees His discipline alone can fit the spirit,
For that fair realm of blessedness His children shall inherit,
He will not, in His tender love, withdraw the keen correction,
We need to help us to make sure our calling and election:
He will not raise His hand to quench the furnace of affliction,
Till we, refined and purified, have won its benediction!

Thou, mighty Lord, wilt not despise a heart by trial broken;
If contrite, then the healing word already hath been spoken:
Sin is our only real foe; and when Thy grace hath stricken
The poison source of all our woes, new life our souls will quicken;
And with the human cry of pain, in mystic concert blending,
Shall sound the spirit-tone of Joy, in praise to God ascending!

Pain.

"Waiting for the adoption, to wit., the redemption of the body."

Oh, say it not! my trembling heart,
And weak and wearied frame,
Instinctively from suffering start,
And tremble at its name.
Oh, say not I must bear again
The bitter agony of pain!

Say not my body must endure
The pangs that waste its life;
My strength, exhausted, is too poor
To bear up in the strife:
I should sink down despondingly,
Were constant pain my lot to be.

My nerveless spirit shrinks aghast,
From such a prospect drear;
I feel again my sufferings past,
And shake with coward fear:
This bitter dread of coming pain,
Is the worst link of sickness' chain.

Yet do not blame me: rather pray
That I may be resigned;
I know there is no other way,
For me to be refined:
I know my Saviour would not send,
One useless pang my heart to rend.

I trust I do not wish t'avoid
The chastisement of God;
Nor lose the blessings I've enjoyed
On suffering's thorny road:
Pain is God's minister, and so
I wish to bend before the blow.

But nature, timid nature, shrinks
From the sad doom of sin;
She starts and trembles as she drinks
The dregs of suffering in;
The shudd'ring flesh is weak and poor;
The spirit, willing to endure.

Believe me, that I would not shun
The stern, severe embrace:
A Christian *soul* would rather run
To see an angel's face:
But sad infirmities remain,
Which make the *body* shrink from Pain.

Oh, shall I ne'er escape that yoke,
That clog upon my soul?
Nay, hush—what have I faithless spoke,
Impatient of control?
My *body* is my Saviour's care,
And will be raised Heaven's bliss to share.

Ah, what a glorious truth, and great
Beyond hope's wildest dream!
Now I for that adoption wait,
My body to redeem.
Ecstatic thoughts and yearnings throng,
As heart and flesh ask, "Lord, how long?"

Ah Lord, how long must I abide,
Until Thy call I hear?
How long ere I be purified,
By discipline severe?
When wilt Thou send the angel death,
To touch my heart and check my breath?

Ah Lord, how long ere Thou wilt come
In that transcendent cloud,
While angel hosts from Heaven's dome,
In ranks of glory crowd,
Attendant on Thy awful state,
Thou blessed, only Potentate?

Ah, Lord, how long before Thy word,
Bid Michael's trumpet sound?
When will Thy mighty voice be heard
Within the grave's dark bound?
Oh, Son of Man! I trembling pray,
Hasten that dread, yet joyful day!

The watching Church, the martyr band,
The glorious company
Of the apostles, waiting stand,
Until Thy great decree
Shall be sent forth to gather in
The harvest which Thy blood did win.

Together quick and dead shall rise,
To meet Thee in the air;
For judgment or for victories,
As they the Cross did bear:
Not one of all Thy saints shall miss,
A perfect, consummated bliss!

Oh Saviour, fill my faithless heart
With longings for that Day!
So shall my sinful fears depart
Before Hope's solemn ray;
And thro' the narrow path to Thee
I'll rise, and lose pain's memory!

Hope.

"We had the sentence of death within ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead."—2 Cor. i. 9.

A withering flower within the garden's bound,
Where is no beauty nor rich fragrance found,
A useless cumberer of precious ground,—
Even such am I!
Unsightly, dry, and worthless to the view,
Tho' kindly watched and fondly tended too,—
Ah! what is left for the poor flower to do,
Except to die?

A bruised worm upon a sandy plain,
Whose every creeping movement gives fresh pain,
Yet some far distant goal intent to gain,—
Even such am I!
Slow crawling on,—the weak, crushed form allowed
No respite from the woes that closely crowd,—
What can the poor worm do but weave its shroud,
And calmly die?

Yet mourn not for the with'ring flower, tho' death
Shall blight her petals with his icy breath;
Their instant fall her glad submission saith,—
Even so may I!
Ah, wish not that bare stem's sad fate repealed:
Lo! glowing *fruit* which those dry leaves concealed,
In ripened, useful beauty stands revealed:—
The *flower* must die!

And grieve not for the weary path of pain,
The bruisèd worm was travelling o'er the plain,
For *steadfast* weakness will its object gain—
Even so may I!
Death's shroud and grave will pass: so will the doom
That left the poor, crushed worm to rest in gloom,
Who, bursting from his temporary tomb,
Soars to the sky!

Saviour, make me the flower that dies to give
Room for the precious, useful fruit to live;
Then, hopeful, I my sentence may receive,—
"Born but to die!"
And let my buried form await its doom,
Until from Death to LIFE the change shall come,
And I be raised like Christ, to share His home
Of bliss on high!

The Sea of Life.

"For he maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still."

"Then are they glad, because they are at rest; and so He bringeth them into the haven where they would be." Psalm cvii. 29, 30.

Father, I dread the fury of the storm,
There's no one near me,
To strengthen and support my feeble form,
No one to cheer me!
Come *Thou*, and with the mandate, "Peace, be still,"
Subdue the swelling tempest to Thy will.

A trembling voyager on life's rough sea,
No strength possessing;
I'm tossed about, and fain would steer toward Thee,
In danger pressing,
But oh, unless Thy hand will take the helm,
The angry waves my bark will overwhelm.

I know the wind hath risen at Thy word,
Almighty Father;
And 'tis because the seas Thy Voice have heard,
The tempests gather:
But, 'mid their turmoil, think of me, I pray,
And shield my weakness from the drowning spray.

Thus in my trouble unto Thee I call,—
Oh, hear my crying!
Thou see'st my danger, weariness and all
My useless trying,
To come to Thee, unless Thou draw me, Lord,
By the Almighty Power of Thy word.

Wilt Thou not bid the raging storm to cease?
I am so weary!
And span with the bright rainbow arch of Peace,
The waters dreary?
I will be glad if Thou wilt give me rest,
And land me safe in Paradise the blest.

The wind is contrary:—it strives to keep
My bark from Heaven;
I've toiled and struggled, daring not to sleep,
Morning nor even:
Oh Master, in the watches of the night,
Approach with Thy unerring, guiding light.

Let me not be deceived, dear Saviour, by
The meteor gleaming,
That often sparkles on the billows high,
In dangerous seeming;
Lord, bid me come to Thee upon the wave,
If it be Thou,—for Thou art strong to save.

Call me to Thee, Oh Christ, when storm clouds lower,
I will unshrinking,
Come at the welcome summons, by Thy power
Preserved from sinking:
Give me Thy Hand; increase my little faith,
And let me triumph over vanquished death.

The deep, dark river, and the foaming sea,
I'd brave, confiding
In the sure might and trust that come from Thee,
My weakness guiding:
When all Thy waves and storms have o'er me gone,
I'll find myself the nearer to Thy throne.

Then quick release me from the watery strife;
Winds and waves roaring,
Have terrified me on the sea of life,
Their fury pouring
Upon my unprotected head: I long
For calm and peace, from sorrow, sin, and wrong.

Utter Thy mighty word, Oh Jesus, come,
And take me thither,
Even to Paradise, that blessed home,
"Where no flowers wither!"
Here, the salt, bitter waters cover all
Hope's blossoms with a dreary, funeral pall.

The haven where I would be! Oh, my God,
By gentle guiding,
Conduct me 'neath the precious, chastening rod,
To rest abiding:
"Deep calleth unto deep:" My rooted grief
Wakes Thy responsive love to bring relief!

Sunday flowers.

My heart was sad one Sunday morn: there was a heavy weight
Of unshed tears that made me feel forlorn and desolate;
For thoughts of by-gone hours when health and glad activity,
Were my dear portion, came to make me wish most earnestly,
For freedom on this blessed day, that I might join again
The Church in public prayer and praise, released from Sickness' chain:
For tho' I always long in her dear service to unite,
Sometimes the wish comes o'er me with an overpowering might.

Another scene was pictured too, by mem'ry's truthful brush,
That made my longing spirit beat with quick, impatient rush:—

The room with eager children filled, where I was
used to try
To show the way of life to some,—to teach Faith's
verity:
No more, no more, with bright'ning smiles will
those young faces meet me;
No more, no more, with eager words will those dear
children greet me!
My place in that vacated class is filled more
worthily,
Nor will I even, as years roll by, live in their
memory.

'Twas yearning without hope I felt, with power
unrestrained
By my weak, feeble will, where no resisting strength
remained:
I wanted comfort, yet knew not what consolation
dear,
God was preparing even then, my sinful heart to
cheer:—
Ah *Flowers! sweet Sunday Flowers!* the smile,
the fragrant, calm salute
Of your kind Angel, stopped my grief, and made
my murmurs mute:

No more the teacher, but the taught, my humbled spirit bent
To hear the grave instruction which was with your beauty blent.

The many roses on one stem, in tender unison,
Recalled to me my childhood's creed,—"the saint's Communion:"
For tho' the blossoms numerous, varied in size and hue,—
Some only budding, some full blown, some bidding life adieu,—
Yet were they all on one fair branch: even so all we unite
In Christ our Lord, whatever be the difference to sight:
Tho' I appear a withering flower, upon the living Tree,
'Tis but in *seeming*;—spirit life is true vitality.

While listening to the sermon of the flower Angel, I
Have found my Sunday sadness, with the hallowed hours, pass by:

Lord, Thou can'st speak whene'er Thou wilt, Thy
love can change a room
Into a sanctuary blest,—and make the flowers assume
The garb and voice of teachers grave, whene'er Thy
mandate good,
Forbids the human ministry in sickness' solitude:
Oh may Thy power be magnified—its glory be
increased,
That of a sick room makes a Church, and makes a
flower the Priest!

Thine Own.

"Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?"

"Thine own!" oh Jesus, dost Thou condescend
To call us by this name of tenderness?
"Thine own!" can any other word express
The infinite love and care of Christ our Friend?
Yet, if to *His Own* Church her Head doth send,
Some trial of her patience and her faith,—
If He some warning note of sorrow saith,—
Straightway His children's hearts in terror bend!
Ah, why is this? Is it not lawful for
The Lord to work His pleasure on *His Own?*
Should we not rather thankfully adore,
At each fresh token we are His alone?
Do what Thou wilt, Oh King of sufferings,
Thou "knowest we have *need* of all these things."

Patience.

"Thy work this hour is patience."—The Baptistery.

I had been mourning o'er my uselessness;
I felt as if to me the words applied
"Cut off and withered like a branch," unless
It could be proved occasion was denied
By God's true wisdom, for activity,
And visible deeds of the weak faith I had:
My idleness enforced was mystery,
And my heart went in spirit-sackcloth clad.

Alas! it was self-will that made me blind,
To the deep, solemn truth I ought to know:
Then came to me an earnest voice and kind,
That bade me "work His work who laid me low."
And when despairingly I said, "I would,
If I but knew what God desired of me,"—
The answer came to break my sullen mood,
"*Let Patience have her perfect work in thee.*"

While still I mused on this reply, and sought
To test its truth and quiet comforting;
I chanced (as mortals say) to meet a thought,
An earnest poet-heart had learned to sing.
'Twas the same lesson: to a dying man,
A priest was summoned, and the penitent,
Mourned the expiring of his active span,
And that his time of *work* for God was spent.

"*Thy work this hour is Patience,*" he returned;
And the vexed soul received the gracious word;
The mystery of "being still" he learned,
And when death called, the message calmly heard.
Oh, that upon my heart may be impressed,
The humbling lesson which these few words tell;
Nor deem that "being patient" is a rest,
Or easy toil, because invisible.

When I am tempted by the enemy,
To murmur that my hands find nought to do,
When days, and weeks, and months, pass heavily,
Bearing no record, to a human view;—
When e'en my mental powers seem asleep,
Or dulled, or wearied, by my body's pain,
May I remember then the truth so deep,
"Thy work is Patience," and no more complain.

Each hour comes singly; and with every hour
Some duty, or some task, from God is sent:
Lord, give me resignation for my dower,
With Thy appointments make me still content:
And when my blind, imperfect spirit deems,
That unseen works are nothing in Thy sight,
Recal me from the influence of such dreams,
Nor with these phantom shadows let me fight.

With due submission, Master, let me bear,
The humbling lot Thy wisdom hath ordained;
Teach me in it, Thy lowly cross to share,
By shameful scourging and defilement stained.
And when I, suffering, seem to hang thereon,
Thro' hours of silent inactivity,
Oh let me hear Thy heart inspiring tone,
"Thy work this hour is Patience,—be like Me!'

Without Thy gracious aid I cannot learn
The mystery of my appointed task,
Oh meek and lowly One, to Thee I turn,
And help in this extremity I ask.
When my hour's work is Patience, teach me how
It may be done most sure and perfectly,
So shall my ceaseless labor not allow,
Time for regrets and unreality.

Oh Lord, imprint upon my inmost heart,
The Patience that doth work experience;
The "hope which maketh not ashamed" impart,
And raise me from the lower world of sense.
Give me my work and strength for every hour,
And by Thy Holy Spirit's touch instil
The simple purpose, (which is heavenly power,)
Of perfect resignation to Thy Will!

The Angel of Sickness.

Of all the forms my spirit eye can see,
  Crowding and hovering round,
With messages of love from God to me,
One Angel in my chamber constantly,
  By night and day is found.

No brilliant colours paint his drooping wing,
  His eye darts forth no fire;—
No joyous strain of gladness doth he sing,
No glorious future vision doth he bring,
  A sad heart to inspire.

I often see him sitting by my side,
  And hear his spirit-voice
Say, "Thou hast need of patience;" or "Abide
Close to the Cross, and trust the Crucified,"
  Or,—"Still in God rejoice."

ANGEL OF SICKNESS! Few, when thou art nigh,
Know thee God's minister!
Thy folded pinion, and thy tearful eye,
Thy faded form, and sympathetic sigh,
Disguise Heaven's messenger.

But some, who know thee best, and long have known
Thy ministry of pain,
Love thy stern lessons and thy patient tone;
Their hearts, when left with thee and God alone,
Repine not nor complain.

Thy heavenly form, thy messages divine,
Are, to their ear and eye,
Revealed by that inspiring touch of thine,
Which their affections doth from earth untwine,
And carry them on high.

Beneath thy mourning robes they recognize
The garb of joy and praise;
Thy virtue is not hidden from their eyes,
Tho' it deprives them of what men most prize,—
Health, and her sunny days.

They know thy close companionship will wake
Keen thrills of suffering;
But every pang is welcome for the sake
Of Him who sent thee, and we gladly take
The message thou dost bring.

Dear Angel! lay thy firm, unshrinking hand
On me, I will not start;
I know 'tis guided by my Lord's command,
And I, in my appointed lot, would stand,
With strong, unwavering heart.

Thy clasp, tho' painful, is a channel still,
Of sweet communion
Directly with my God, and praises fill
My soul, for such a knowledge of His will,
As by thy touch is shown.

Oh Sickness! faithful Angel! mystery
May shroud thee from men's sight,
But we, who know and love thee, cannot be
Tempted to murmur at thy ministry,
Nor ask a lot more bright.

Oh truthful Angel! thou dost tear away,
The veil the world hath bound
About her children's eyes,—beneath thy sway
Realities set forth their stern array,
And falsehood is not found.

The gay and thoughtless cannot understand,
How Sickness e'er should be
Welcomed—or ev'n *endured;* ah, 'tis God's hand,
Tight'ning or loosening at His will the band,
Gives us true liberty.

We know the blessing by this Angel brought,
They only see the grief:
And we, beneath his heavy chain, have sought
And found, true peace: which to an earnest thought,
Is real, deep relief.

Oh Father! loving Father! Who hast sent,
Thy messenger of grace,
To chasten us; teach us to be content,
Till Thou recal us from our banishment,
To see Thy glorious Face!

I would see Jesus.

I would see Jesus! Ah, the night is stormy,
I fear the foaming sea will prove my grave,
The threat'ning billows pour their fury o'er me;—
I would see Him Who is so strong to save,
Walking upon the wave!
Where hath He hid Himself? Can He be sleeping,
While in the watches of the night I'm tost
Upon the troubled waters, spent with weeping?
I would see Him lest my poor soul be lost
Before the sea is crost.

I would see Jesus! Terror claims possession,
As viewless chains are o'er my spirit bound;
He came to free the captive from oppression,
To break the fetters woven by sin around
Them who were lost and—*found!*
I am not Satan's bondsman; Christ has placed me,
In His blest service, which is liberty;
I quite renounce the thraldom which disgraced me;—
I would see Him Whose blood hath made me free,
And with Him ever be.

I would see Jesus! Clouds and darkness gather
So thickly round me, that they blind my sight;
Unless I find the "Brightness of the Father,"
I'll meet that doom which fills my soul with fright,—
Dying alone at night!
But if I see His glorious Image gleaming,
However faint, behind the fearful shade,
I'll gather comfort from the Light's soft beaming,—
When I see *Him*, were hell itself displayed,
I would not be dismayed!

I would see Jesus! Grief hath spread a curtain,
Before the shrine where I was wont to find,
His Presence shedding solace pure and certain,
Upon a will submissive and resigned;
Now, tears have made me blind!
I have rebelled—my angry heart's rejection,
Of a new burden given me to bear,
Hath closed the source of strengthening protection;—
I would see Him, Whose Cross I ought to share,
And leave rebellion there.

I would see Jesus! On His forehead holy,
No thought of sin hath ever left a trace;
And I would surely learn the virtues lowly,
Which in His heart have their abiding place,
While gazing on His face!

I should be purified from sin's defiling,
By that great vision of surpassing bliss;
Never again to feel her power beguiling,
When all the ransomed flock He calleth His,
Shall see Him as He is!

I would see Jesus! Ev'n before the portal
Of Heaven opens to admit me there;
Now, while I groan beneath my nature mortal,
With all the griefs humanity must bear,
And all my load of care:
I would see Him Whose presence can enlighten
The darkest path,—Whose healing can impart
Strength to the weak,—Whose loving smile can brighten
The gloomy depths of even my anxious heart,
And bid its sin depart.

I would see Jesus! Tho' the road be painful,
The gateway narrow, and the peril great;
The very pilgrimage itself is gainful,
Because it is a path which leadeth straight
To Him for Whom I wait.
Then welcome grief, and chastisements of anguish,
They will but draw me nearer to my Lord;—
And not obstruct the view for which I languish:—
I would see Him by angel hosts adored,
And find my full reward!

Repentance.

"Restore Thou those that are penitent."—General Confession.

Lord, we have erred and strayed from Thee, like
lost and wandering sheep,
We've left Thy safe and pleasant paths, for danger-
ous ways and steep;
Our feet are wounded by the stones, that lie con-
cealed beneath
The roses strewn along the road which leadeth unto
death:
We cry from the dark wilderness, where Satan has
his hold,
Oh Thou Good Shepherd, rescue us! Restore us to
Thy Fold!

Thou who hast given Thy life for us! we would not
dare to lift
Our trembling voice in this appeal, but for that
precious gift:

For oh, there is no health in us, we're sick, diseased, and low,
And weakened as we are, might fall a prey to any foe:
Thou hast the enemy destroyed, by Thy most awful strife,
And dost implant all good desires: Restore us health and life!

The grace of penitence is ours, because of Thy great love,
For we alone, could ne'er have found the path which leads above;
We might have felt remorse and woe, but never would have dared
To dream *repentance* might be learnt, and sorrowing rebels spared:
Then by the mercy Thou canst show, thro' Christ, th' Incarnate Word,
To humble penitents,—we pray, Restore Thou those, oh Lord!

Our sins have taken hold on us, we do not dare look up,—
The burden presses us to earth, and crushes even hope;

The painful sense of guiltiness awakes a tumult wild
Of agony within the heart, that grieves, because defiled;
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst command, and make the tempest cease;
Then, for thy loving mercy's sake, Restore us hope and peace!

We've lost baptismal innocence; we've fallen since the day
When, in the mystic Sacrament, our sins were washed away:
Our broken vows—the things we've done that should be left undone,—
Weigh heavily upon our souls: *Can* pardon e'er be won?
Ah, tho' we're faithless, God is true, and of His mercy free,
He will forgive, and hear the prayer, Restore our purity!

We own the doom would be most just, if Thou wert to destroy
Thy wayward creatures, and in wrath remove our every joy:

Our sins deserve eternal death; that awful, dread
award,
Of those who break Thy sacred laws, oh righteous,
holy Lord!
But trusting in Thy love thro' Christ, Thy mercy's
boundless store,
We pray Thee, all the bliss we've lost, to penitents
restore!

The Much Forgiven.

See St. Luke vii. chapter, 36th to 50th verses.

"Thy sins are many, but are all forgiven!"
No wonder she "loved much,"
And reverently bent to touch,
With trembling lips, His sacred feet,
Anointing them with odours sweet,
For Jesus' pardon was her hope of Heaven.

Oh, none can truly know His gentleness,
Save those who deeply feel
How much they need His power, to heal
The deep corroding wounds of sin,
That poison all the life within;
And trust His love to purify and bless.

The blessing which Christ gives can never cease:
Not only did He roll,
The load of sin from off *her* soul,
And gain "much love from her alone;"
The penitent still hears His tone,
That says, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

Treasure.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

I see Thee every where, Oh Christ, my Treasure!
I find Thee in the sick and poor, and see
Thee suffering with the mourners, and I measure
My love by their resemblance unto Thee,
And long their friend to be.

I hear Thy Voice's holy, matchless teaching,
Breathe from the pages of the written Word;
Whether 'tis James, or John, or Cephas preaching,
Thy still, small spirit-tone is ever heard,
And my heart's love is stirred.

I find Thee, Jesus, in the kind affection,
Which ministers to me for Thy dear sake;
The human love that charms my soul's dejection,
Doth from *Thy* heart its healing power take,
And my glad praises wake.

I see Thee, by sweet purity's sure token,
Oh spotless and unblemished Lamb of God,
In them who keep baptismal vows unbroken,
And walk in chrisom white, the narrow road,
Beneath the cross' load.

I see Thee in Thy works of power and splendor;
I find the trace of ever present care;
And for Thy daily mercies, daily render
My heart's best sacrifice of praise and prayer,
Nor fail to meet Thee there!

I see Thee in the Church, Thy Bride—my Mother,—
Thou "Saviour of the body," and her Head!
I find *Thee* there, First born, Redeeming Brother,
And would, as Thou for her Thy blood hast shed,
Obey what she hath said.

Ah there, as in no other place, Thy beauty,
Crowned King, great Prophet, and anointed Priest,
Is manifested, as in bounden duty,
We meet Thee in the Eucharistic feast,
And see Thy Presence blest.

Thou art the body's ever-living Spirit,
Her life, her being, are from Thee alone;
Thro' Thy atonement shall Thy own inherit
Heaven's kingdom: In the mystic union
I see Thee, God the Son!

I gaze beyond the clouds of sense, that gather
To hide the vision of our glowing Creed;
To the right hand of God, th' Almighty Father,
Thou 'rt calling souls from earthly shackles freed;
I see Thee there indeed!

I see Thee decked with majesty and honour,
For ever interceding for Thy Bride:
Oh shower down Thy choicest gifts upon her,
And keep her children closely at Thy side,
In safety to abide.

Raised up to highest Heaven, I see my Master,
Who hath endured the suffering and the shame;
The tender Shepherd and the flock's chief Pastor,
Reveals Himself to them Who trust His Name,
And feeds love's holy flame.

Thou Treasure hidden in God's field! how gladly
I sell the wretched dross I have amassed,
By labouring so foolishly and madly,
Which could not profit me when life is past,—
To have *Thee* mine at last!

Pearl of great price! all meaner jewels scorning,
I seek to have Thee only for mine own;
Thy lustrous purity my soul adorning,
Will make me fit to worship at the throne,
Where Thou art Lord alone!

In Thee, the riches of God's grace are hidden;
Thou art Thyself all that my heart desires,
If to partake of Thee, Oh Christ, I'm bidden,
My soul, triumphant, passes thro' earth's fires,
To rise where she aspires!

Oh take me where my sacred, priceless Treasure,
Hath drawn and fixed my heart, serene and calm;
For Thou hast said "It is My will and pleasure,
"They whom God gives, be with Me where I am:"
Call *me* there, Holy Lamb!

My Prospect.

Perchance you'd say, a narrow view
From my window is afforded;
Yet much might be, from what I see,
By an active pen recorded.
It is as if a part were shown,
Of a wondrous pictured story,
That hinteth more of hidden store,
By a partial glimpse of glory.

The *Sun*, that lights the whole glad earth,
On the good and evil rising,
Creeps in my room dispersing gloom,
And with powerful voice advising;—
His brilliant rays a sermon preach,—
"Love and blessing universal,"
Is ever brought to earnest thought,
By the daily sun's rehearsal.

The quiet *showers*, too, I can see;
On the just and unjust falling:
And like the sun, their gentle tone
Is my Master's word recalling.
He taught true wisdom's charity,
In that sermon on the mountain;
He told all men who listened then,
"Streams must aye be like their Fountain."

The soft, pale *Moon* looks in at me,
With a mournful glance and tender:
Oh how I love to see her move
In her mild and modest splendour!
But most I welcome her pure beams,
When the Easter time is waning;
For that same face beheld the place
Where Christ's blood the earth was staining.

My window's little patch of *sky*,
I am satisfied with seeing;
For what I see assures to me,
All the firmament's wide being!
I view a little portion,—this
Is an earnest of the existence
Of the wide spread dome overhead,
With horizon in the distance.

I see the neighboring *houses*, where
Others of my kind are dwelling;
Of life around my narrowed bound,
Silent walls and roofs are telling.
Can I forget the world of men?
Sorrow's tear or joy's laugh slighting?
Nay, e'en this part preserves my heart,
From a selfishness so blighting.

I see some *trees*, and what I learn
From the green robe they're assuming,
I may not go abroad to know,—
"Spring has come, the flowers are blooming!"
Noah, by a single olive branch,
Knew dry land was reappearing;
So one green leaf wakes my belief,
Spring's return the earth is cheering.

I cannot see, but I can hear
With a sharpened sense to follow,
The *many feet along the street*,
Tramping, treading, echoing hollow.
And thro' the open sash there come,
Merry bursts of childish laughter,
And oft a shout I'd fain shut out,
Ringeth on my ear long after.

I hear (what none can see,) the *Wind*,
  Whereso'er it listeth, blowing;
I feel its play, but cannot say,
  Whence it came or where 'tis going.
It kisseth me upon its path,
  Whispers me a mystic greeting,
Then flies to bear its message where,
  Other willing hearts are beating.

This is my World, one chamber's bound;
  Sickness my companion ever:
Yet I could write from morn till night,
  Of scenes in which I mingle never.
My window's prospect helps to keep
  Thinking powers and fancies living:
Oh then my soul, ascribe the whole,
  To the glorious Source of giving!

Beauty.

I love the sight of Beauty! My pulse more quickly beats,
And a gush of almost healthfulness the welcome vision greets;
Refreshment and delight are blent in one enchanting glow,
That does o'er me the rainbow tints of living gladness throw:
I never see the beautiful, without an answering thrill,
Of deep emotion in my breast,—calm, satisfied, and still.

I love the sight of Beauty! The picture or the flower,
Which bears her perfect impress for its rare and precious dower,

Enthralls my willing spirit with a spell of mystery,
As I bow before the secret charm in proud humility;
Proud—that my soul hath learned to know and own
her lofty sway;
Humbled—that influence so pure should ever pass
away.

I love the sight of Beauty! most when the human
form,
Is with her sovereignty crowned,—that potent,
nameless charm!
I gazed with earnest joy to-day on a fair creature's
face,
Whose every glance was beautiful,—whose every
movement grace:
And oh, what liberty and light are to the captive's
mind,
To me was the rare loveliness in that young bride
enshrined!

I love the sight of Beauty! From her words and
winning smile,
I knew no common visitant had entered to beguile
Some moments of a weary life: for I could see the
beam
Of truthfulness and purity in her dark eye's calm
gleam:

Desire.

"One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require: even that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life; to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit His temple."

I ask not earthly bliss,
Nor that hopes of earthly peace
May cluster around me, lest I should miss
The joys of a holier world than this,
Whose glories shall never cease.

I ask not health's sweet light,
May again illume my way;
The pilgrim can bear *one* short dark night,
And wait with patience that cheering sight,
The dawning of perfect day.

I ask not human love,
That might make me glad to dwell
On earth, until my dear home above,
Should far in the misty distance move,
Or become invisible.

But one thing I desire
With my heart's intensest power;
One thing I long for ere I expire,
One blessing of my dear Lord require,
Ere my life's final hour.

Even that I may dwell,
Within the house of the Lord,
To behold the beauty I love so well,—
Of which memory oft doth fondly tell,—
This boon hath my soul implored.

This dear wish of my heart,
Would to God that I might win!
My soul with fresh ardor would gladly start
Upon her toil, and bid sloth depart
With all its long train of sin!

If I might go once more,
At the sound of the chiming bell,
To the house of my Father, and there adore
The grace which answers when we implore,
What peace in my soul would dwell!

If I might eager hear,
Glad tidings to sinful men,
Fall once again on my charmèd ear,
In earnest accents familiar and dear,
What joy would my soul know then!

If I might humbly kneel,
To hear the absolving word,
Speak peace to my spirit-griefs, and heal
The wounds which sin hath planted, I'd feel
Most grateful to my dear Lord!

Oh Father, wilt Thou not
In mercy regard my prayer?
Thou knowest how often I *have* been brought
To holier efforts, when I have sought
To meet my Redeemer there!

Yet Lord, if Thy blest will
Refuseth this boon to grant,
Which seems so precious and priceless, still
I know Thy love can my spirit fill,
And satisfy every want.

Thou may'st not let me go,
To visit Thy temple here;
Thy wisdom may not see fit to bestow,
The privilege of worshipping here below,
With those whom I hold most dear.

But yet Thou wilt reveal,
To the loving, contrite heart,
Thy Presence to comfort us; whether we kneel
In the Church with our brethren, or silently feel
The grace of Thy mercy apart.

Yes, and whate'er betide,
In Jesus we all are one;
One in His Body, His Church, His Bride,
One in the faith of the Crucified,
The Father's co-equal Son!

Safe may we always rest
In our Mother's circling arms;
Secured from error, on her calm breast,
The chosen home by our Saviour blest,
We will dread no earthly harms.

How dreadful is this place,
'Tis the very gate of Heaven!
Forever here by our Lord's free grace,
The vision fair of His glorious Face,
To His faithful ones is given.

In this Communion,
I am ready to live and die;
And if for the last time on earth I've gone
To kneel at her altars, Christ's blood hath won,
A home for me on high.

The Holy City waits—
Which is New Jerusalem,
To welcome the ransomed within her gates,
Where light eternally emanates,
As from a bright glowing gem.

But there we will not see
The shining of moon or star:
For the glory of God beameth brilliantly,
And the Lamb will the Light of that City be,—
For our earthly wants are done.

Yes, every bygone need
Will forever pass away:
No temple is there,—but our souls will feed
On the sight of the King in His beauty,—freed
From the mortal veil of clay.

There, there my soul's desire
Will be granted unto me;
My Lord will give me what I require,
Tho' I to the glories of Heaven aspire,
And the bliss of Eternity!

Dimness.

"The eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness.
Isaiah xxix. 18.

Oh gracious Father, give me what I *need!*
I know not what it is, so undefined
Are the dim characters I fain would read,
Imprinted on my cloud encompassed mind;
Anxious desires for *some good thing* come thronging
Across my soul, and raise a misty longing,
But leave no clear, decided trace behind.

I feel like some bewildered voyager,
Who, blinded by the tempest, cannot see
'Mid the confusing, elemental stir,
The quiet haven where he fain would be:
He only knows that rest and peace were pleasant,
Yet knows not how t'escape the fearful present,
And sinks, perplexed, in the obscurity;—

Then, as the tempest fiercer grows, he feels
He cannot yield his life uncheered, unblest;
And, starting with fresh vigor, bravely steels
His heart against the vague fears that fill his breast;—
Yet knows not what to ask:—dare he petition
Withdrawal of the storm's mysterious mission,
That *may* be leading to his longed for rest?

Dare he entreat the fierce waves may be stilled,
When haply, every billow nears the shore?
Or pray that his stunned senses be not filled
With the loud tempest's wild exulting roar,—
When it, perchance, is but the echo broken,
Of far off angel harps,—a certain token
That he will land where trial is no more?

Or dare he ask the stinging, drenching spray,
His worn-out frame no more may overwhelm,
When this, perchance, is his baptismal day
Of suffering with the Pilot at the helm?
Or even ask *His* form to be unshrouded,
When 'tis His pleasure to remain thus clouded,
As Lord and Master of an unseen realm?

I know not what to pray for as I ought!
Nay, Lord, I know not ev'n what I *desire:*
I feel a longing, yearning, struggling thought,
Which doth to Thee, and Thy best gifts, aspire,
Yet knows not how t'attain the distant blessing;
Uncertainty and doubt are ever pressing,
When my poor soul would soar to regions higher.

Then give me, Lord, all that I *ought to ask,*—
Grant me a sense of Thy kind presence near;—
Let me not hate nor shun my appointed task
Of *seeking* for a brighter atmosphere!
Give me more strength—give courage more enduring,
Give patience that can wait, till mists obscuring,
Shall roll away, and leave God's purpose clear.

Oh give me Faith; by whose support alone,
My soul can bear the gathering dimness round;
Make me believe, and God's great goodness own,
And rest upon the Rock my feet have found.
Help Thou mine unbelief, Oh Holy Master!
And so in disappointment and disaster,
And even *sin,* Thy grace may more abound.

Oh give me faith—the *light* of Hope's fair star,—
The *chain* that links her anchor to my heart!
Let me not crave more knowledge, while afar
The mystery of the Saviour's Cross doth start
To bound the vision of a longing spirit,
Until I rise, thro' that Redeemer's merit,
Unto that land where nought is known "*in part.*"

Support.

"Without Me ye can do nothing."
"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

How can I bear the tide of pain,
That rushes madly thro' me?
I dare not angrily complain,—
Resistance would be worse than vain,—
Impatience would undo me.
My spirit fails
As pain prevails,
And any prospect of relief from suffering it hails.

Oh spare me, gracious Master, spare
Thy servant's wretched weakness!
Or give me grace Thy cross to bear,
And the sweet heritage to share,
Of Thy transcending meekness:
Then fully blest
My heart may rest,
Upon Thy dear beatitude, of perfect peace possest.

Alone, I never could endure
The suffering that thrills me:
For I am not in spirit pure,
And only holiness can cure
The bitter grief that fills me:
For *sin's* the smart,
The poisoned dart,
Which makes the torment of my pain, and terrifies my heart.

But Thou, O holy Saviour, died
To cleanse from sin my spirit;
Oh may my passions and my pride,
Upon Thy Cross be crucified,
And I Thy grace inherit!
Let Thy caress
My spirit bless,
And lead me in the sacred path of perfect righteousness.

Alone, my flesh and heart would faint,
And sink in mortal terror;
My body's suffering complaint,—
My spirit's wretched, sinful taint
Of worse than weakness' error,—
Appal my thought,
And I am brought
Nigh to the verge of sad despair, where conflicts fierce are fought.

Alone, I would not dare to raise
My weeping eyes to Heaven:
Alone, I'd not know how to praise
My merciful Redeemer's ways,
Nor hope to be forgiven.
But I would miss
The road to bliss,
And wander far, were I alone in such a world as this.

But oh, what joy—I'm *not alone!*
A glorious vision beameth
Of Christ, my Saviour, on His throne,
Which cheers my soul, and stills her moan,
And from all woe redeemeth!
Sweet joy and peace,
That ne'er will cease,
And patient resignation come,—more precious than release.

I'm not alone, for Christ is nigh,
And He will never leave me;
I can do all things strengthened by
His Presence: if to Him I cry,
No pain nor sin can grieve me.
By Him sustained,
My point is gained,
And guilty weakness is o'erthrown, by His great strength enchained.

Without Him I can *nothing* do,—
Nor even crave his blessing;
But He, the Merciful and True,
Instructs my spirit how to sue;
And grants me dear possessing
Of strength and might,
And health and light,
And union with my Saviour King, eternal, sure, and bright!

Happiness.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

What is it to be happy? Is the yearning
Intense and passionate,—for human love,—
To have some glowing lamp for ever burning
Before our only shrine, and we returning
The flame with interest that cannot rove,—
Is *this* a joy that still will bless?
Ah, who dare answer yes!
The fairest lustre by earth's torches lighted,
May by earth's boisterous, piercing winds be blighted;
And even if the heart seem satisfied
With all it craved of human love, the fountain may be dried,
And the poor spirit's longing is, in very truth, denied.

What is it to be happy? Is the bounding
Of every pulse with buoyant life and health,—
Whose laughing echo is each moment sounding,—
Whose brilliant halo is the path surrounding
With rainbow hues:—is *this* joy's mine of wealth?
Whoe'er hath felt her transient glow,
Must sadly answer no!
The gladsome lightness by sweet health imparted,
Will fail and leave her votaries heavy hearted:
Or even if she stay till years be past,
The airy sprite we learned to trust will fade and die at last,
And leave us wondering at our faith in one that drooped so fast.

What is it to be happy? Is a palace
Well stored with every luxury of art,
The casket which contains the brimming chalice
Of gladness? Ah, the arch-deceiver's malice
Hath oft deluded thus the human heart!
But does wealth bring true happiness?
Can any answer yes?
Dazzled, perhaps, by glittering gold's effulgence,
And longing for the means of self-indulgence,
Weak mortals may dream out their precious day,
Until their gorgeous idol in life's furnace melts away,
And they, appalled, are left to mourn their vanished hope's decay.

What is it to be happy? Christian brother,
Rejoice that we have found the secret charm!
We are not called blest human love to smother,
But, closer knit by Christ to one another,
Our best affections are secured from harm:
Could we be happy here below
Without this solace? No!
The tenderness of charity's emotion
Toward men;—the holiness of true devotion
To our Redeemer,—are our highest joys,
Untouched by the foul weapons which the enemy employs
To desecrate our spirit's shrine,—earth's subtle, base alloys.

What is it to be happy? Long and wearing,
The tedious sickness which my frame hath known;
Yet are its drooping wings a message bearing
From Him Who for my every pang is caring;
Angel of ceaseless, close communion!
Hath slow disease such power to bless
Thro' years of suffering? Yes!
Never has happiness so dear been given
To me, as since my languid pain hath driven,
My wearied soul to seek for comforting
In the deep shadow of the Cross, where all who humbly bring
Their wretchedness and misery, will find them lose all sting.

What is it to be happy? Deep abiding
Beneath the seeming dullest life may smile,
A fount of perfect peace and trust confiding:
What if God's tender love our joy is hiding
Within the hollow of His hand awhile?
Can we not wait His time to bless,
And His own way? Oh, Yes!
And waiting for that crowning hour, I've tasted
More joy than I deserve should have been wasted
On my ungrateful soul: Kindness and love,
From dearest friends inspired to act by His Indwelling Dove,
Have given me bliss that I shall know in perfectness above.

What is it to be happy? Is it learning
In whatsoever state to be content?—
To quench the fires of passion that are burning,—
To dwell in God, with deep repentance turning
From sins committed with the will's consent?
To look for peace and purity,
In calm security?
To have each wish accomplished in the asking,
Thus the fair face of Happiness unmasking?—
To find flowers springing on our thorny road,—
To know the path must lead at last to a Divine abode:—
Is not *this* bliss? And I am happy,—*satisfied in God!*

Yes, I am very happy! For the Spirit
Hath made me, all unworthy as I am,
His special charge; and thro' my Saviour's merit,
The heavenly kingdom I'll at last inherit,
And learn the song of Moses and the Lamb!
The holy joy I then will know,
In one unending flow,
Upon my dark and mourning soul is casting
A tempered glow, which cheers me without blasting
By a too full revealing: Now am I
Happy, and comforted in hope, awaiting patiently,
As God shall give me grace, my Saviour's coming
from the sky!

Fire.

"When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."—Isaiah xliii. 2.

Where art thou resting? Have thy feet been led,
Some sheltered valley path to tread,
Where lofty trees their verdant arms stretch wide,
To woo thee 'neath their shade to bide?
Where art thou resting? To some soft green spot,
Have thy poor wounded feet been brought,
Where gently murm'ring waters' whispered flow,
Tempts thee no further on to go,
But stay awhile, at least some little stage,
Till thou art strengthened and refreshed for onward pilgrimage?

Where art thou resting? Does the narrow way,
Afford room for thy tent to stay?
Or, does its straitness 'monish thee to move
Onward to thy sweet rest above?
Thou may'st not loiter;—hear the roaring sound
Of Fire consuming all around;

Thy awful path lies thro' that flaming sea,
It is a fearful track for thee!
Darest thou advance now that dread fate is learned?
Ah yes, pass on! the promise is that "thou shalt not be burned."

Press on! thy Father's Hand the fire hath tried,
Which thou dost need ere purified:
Thy Saviour knoweth the heat's exact degree,
That will refine and perfect thee:
The flame which hath been lit by Heaven's torch,
Heaven's darling will not burn nor scorch!
No harm can come to thee, tho' thou wert fast
Bound hand and foot, and helpless cast
Into a furnace heated seven fold;—
The Son of God walks with thee there, imparting peace untold.

Around thy shrinking form the flames may tower,
Exulting fiercely in their power;
But the first hour's experience will prove
The shielding might of Jesus' love.
His Arm is round thee, and the fiery wave,
Which thou by trusting Him dost brave,
Cannot that sacred barrier o'er pass,
His child to injure or harass!
When fire's terrific surges round thee beat,
Thy ever present Lord will be a "shadow from the heat."

As the sparks fly, perchance their sudden dart,
Will send a quick pang thro' thy heart;
Sinless infirmities will suffer much,
From their unlooked for, piercing touch,
And the infection that remains within
Them who are being cleansed from sin,
Must be destroyed: But *thy own self*,—thy soul,
Will be preserved entire and whole;
Meet for the kingdom ruled by Christ's command,
Perfect, uninjured at the last, thou in thy lot shall stand.

Perhaps from the calm nook where now thou art,
'Tis meet the pilgrim should depart:
The hot flames will not spare the lofty trees,
That fanned thee with a gentle breeze;
The raging fire, as it sweepeth by,
Will leave the streamlet's channel dry;
Withering the valley in the narrow way,
Where thou hadst been content to stay
In peaceful waiting, till the angels come,
To bear thy soul to Paradise,—to call thy spirit home.

Our Saviour doth not promise to protect,
One earthly comfort from the flame;
He seeth what is needful to perfect
Them who are called by His pure Name:

And if some sparks alight upon the tent,
Where we have stored our nourishment,
And burn the roof above our head,—
What matter? still the *sky* is spread
Above us; and the manna, angel's food,
Will fall direct from Heav'n to still our heart's solicitude.

True, every silken cord of happiness,
And joy that doth thy being bless,
May be consumed by the relentless fire,—
What then? Thou'rt freer to aspire!
Thy shelter and thy safeguards may be burnt,
But even now thy faith has learnt,
The "Shadow of the mighty Rock" doth stand
Unchanging, in the weary land:
Thou art untouched,—the fiercest rushing flame,
Can never kindle on thy heaven-protected frame!

Oh blest beyond all human comforting!
I need not my love's solace bring,
To strive to cheer thy pathway by the word,
Which in true hearts is ever heard!
The ashes of all earthly joys around,
Hide not the Hope thy soul hath found;
The keenest sparks are quenched, and fall
Innocuous by thy side; and all
The fiery darts hell's armory can yield,
Must fail to pierce thy loving Faith,—thy promise-strengthened shield!

The Cup and Baptism.

"He said unto them, Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I shall be baptized with? They said unto Him, We are able."

What was the cup which Thou didst drink? what awful draught of pain
Did that mysterious chalice hold for Thy pure lips to drain?
What was its fearfulness, O Lord, that e'en Thy steadfast voice
Must warn the Apostolic band, ere fixing there a choice?

What was the dread baptismal wave, whose quick approaching tide,
Might sever "them of little faith," from Thy protecting side?
What did Thy earnest questioning of "Are ye able," mean?
Was then Thy sad prophetic eye fixed on the garden scene?

Baptism and Cup of SUFFERING! Oh when the Son of man
Asks, "Art *thou* able these to share?" dare I reply, I can?
Yes: humbly trusting in His strength, my timid spirit shrinks
No longer from the awful doom, but of *His* portion drinks.

My head with calm submission bows, to be with Him baptized;
My brow is duly sealed and marked with Jesus' sign despised;
All minor sufferings were expressed when Christ gave up His breath,
In that contained;—and I have been "*baptized into His death!*"

And when the Cup whereof Christ drank is offered unto me,
God grant me grace to drink the same with steadfast constancy.
Faith's hand will suffering's chalice grasp, and ere the dregs are quaffed,
The serpent thence will creep, and leave a harmless, healing draught.

Oh Saviour! teach our hearts to prize the promise
Thou hast made,—
"*Ye shall indeed* my sorrows share,"—nor let us
be afraid!
Pain is a mystery of love, whose depth we ne'er
can see,
Till in the heavenly kingdom it shall be explained
by Thee.

Advent.

"The night is far spent; the day is at hand."

Again the Church lifts up her solemn note,
And bids us for our coming Lord prepare;
Again her high and awful warnings float
Like trumpet calls upon the list'ning air,
And we to Christ with penitential care,
Our lives with new-awakened love devote.

She bids us cast all darkness' works away,
Because the far-spent night is nearly gone;
Its shrouding veil will soon be rent, and day
Will bring to light the deeds which we have done;
Whether in sin, or in communion
With Christ, we've passed our weary earthly stay.

The night of heavy bondage and keen pain,
That dims and clouds the fairest joys of earth,
The gloom of which our suff'ring hearts complain,
That checks the flow of even Christian mirth,
"This is far spent;"—Ah! what new hopes have birth,
When the Church tells her advent news again.

And thou, Oh earth's sad mourner, who hast wept
The loss of dearest joys which life can know,
Thou who a vigil of lone grief hast kept,
Whose bitter tears for bitter sorrow flow,
To *thee* the Church proclaims, "Thy night of woe
To its last darksome hour has well nigh crept."

Thy night of suffering is almost o'er,
The dimness of keen anguish that hath tried
Thy chastened soul, shall soon be felt no more,
And thy tears shall, by God's own hand, be dried;
Thy faith and holy patience shall abide
Alone, to witness for thee at Heaven's door.

"The Holy Ghost shall overshadow thee,"
And the meek heart, which hath submitted all
Its dearest wishes to God's will, shall be
The birth-place of the Master, Whom we call
The Son of God! Ah, hasten to instal
Him at Whose presence earth's dark shadows flee.

Thus will our holy advent tide be blest,
And mourners will be comforted by hope;
They to receive the coming Sacred Guest,
The door of their sad hearts will gladly ope,
For the high promise's extended scope,
Includes all weary ones who long for rest.

Christ's mercy and His grace shall be the dower
Of mourning penitents, when the long night
Is fully spent, and dawns the judgment hour,
In glorious majesty and glowing light!
Lord, help us to improve time's rapid flight,
And in that awful day be raised in power!

All Saints' Day.

Of all the Festivals that cheer
Our weary wandering through the year,
With hopeful longings for attainment high,
By the example of the holy ones,
Who rest in Abraham's bosom peacefully,
Owned by their Lord as faithful sons,
And victors in life's conflicts many,
At which weak nature faints;
This is the gladdest feast of any,—
Memorial of ALL SAINTS!

To-day to Zion's mount we draw
More closely with sweet, sacred awe,
To meet th' innumerable company
Of angels, who in New Jerusalem,
Dwell with the "first born Church" in harmony,
And hold dear intercourse with them.

Yet higher solace are we needing?
Ah, see at our faint call,
"Jesus, the Mediator," pleading
With "God, the Judge" of all.

To-day we hold communion too,
With our beloved, who from view
Are hid awhile within the veil of death,
Darkly enshrouded from our longing sight,
Yet unto ardent and cloud-piercing faith,
Revealed in everlasting light!
The gates of Paradise unclosing
To-day a little while,
Show us our sainted ones reposing
I' the sunlight of God's smile!

We clearly see them now at *rest*,
Where God His Face doth manifest;
And in the secret of our loving heart,
We feel we still are one with them in Christ;
Only in outward seeming did we part;—
And death, like life, is but a mist
That vanishes away, and leaveth
A pure, bright atmosphere;
But he who Christ the Lord receiveth,
Can have no gloomy fear.

Fear! 'tis cast out by perfect love,
And such we know for them above!
We almost feel their spirit wings to-day,
Yet with no shrinking from the mystery;
We almost hear celestial breathings say,
"The Church is ONE eternally!"
Yes—in the mystic Body glorious,
Elect of God's own Son,
The white-robed multitude victorious,
And we on earth are ONE!

The Cup of Blessing.

"Drink ye all of this."

"The Cup of Blessing which we bless, is it not the Communion of the Blood of Christ?"

There is a Cup of punishment,
  Mixed for the sinners in the evil day;—
Oh let us heed the warning sent,
  And turn us from the paths of guilt away:
Then, "drink ye *not* of this," will God proclaim,
"Ye are forgiven and cleansed in Jesus' name."

There is a Cup of trembling mixt,
  For the unloving and of little faith;
So that a daily grief is fixt
  To poison life,—tormenting ev'n to death:
Oh! "drink *ye* not of this," our Saviour, say,
But turn the dreadful draught from us away.

There is a cup of fearfulness,
  Filled up with terror to the very brim,
Which must be quaffed by all, unless
  We will accept deliverance through Him
Who tasted *death* for every man, and cries,
"Oh drink ye not of this! for who drinks—dies!"

There is a Cup within the Hand
  Of God, our Lord;—the wine thereof is red;
It is full mixed, and He doth stand,
  And poureth out the same: Thou Who did'st shed
Thy Blood for us, Oh turn the draught aside,
Say "drink ye not of this, for I have died."

There is a Cup of *Blessing*, filled
  With that most precious *Blood* so freely poured
On Cavalry, when slow distilled
  Life's glowing current from our dying Lord.
Saviour! Redeemer! 'tis Thy love we hear
Say, "*Drink ye all of this*," in accents clear.

Yes, *Thy* surpassing tenderness,
  Oh Jesus! only could have won our bliss,
And we, who Thy dear name confess,
  Remember gladly, "Drink ye all of this:"
We feel that every painful, bitter draught
Is put aside, when this blest Cup is quaffed.

We kneel in lowly gratitude,
To taste the sacred, soul refreshing stream:
And in our seeming solitude,
A sweet Communion, passing any dream,
Gladdens the faithful heart with truest bliss,
The while obeying "Drink ye all of this."

When in our dark, sad hours we feel
An eager thirsting after sympathy,
Sweet peace within our heart will steal,
When we partake our Lord's last legacy:
"Blessed are they who thirst," He said, and lo,
To quench their longing, gave His blood to flow.

Communion with our Saviour! Deep
Beyond all thought the gracious mystery:
Communion of His blood! we steep
Our souls in *Faith*, then dare to soar so high;
Believing simply,—for the words are His,
His the Commandment, "Drink *ye all of this.*"

All other Cups of fancied joy,
(Whose bitter dregs reveal their true design,)
We must refuse, and seek to be
Refreshed and strengthened by the draught divine:
For, "Drink ye all of *this*," precludes the thought,
That other cups of blessing may be sought.

Oh Master! fill our hearts with love,
And let our spirits ask no other bliss;
And our true gratitude to prove,
For that dear sentence, "Drink ye all of *this*;—"
Teach us to live in daily life to show,
Thy Blood and Body are our food below!

Trust.

"I will trust, and not be afraid."

Lord, make me trust Thee! Send the Holy Ghost
To comfort me when I am suffering most,
Remove my trembling dread of coming grief,
And give me faith when Thou deniest relief.
Oh Holy Spirit, come
And chase away my gloom,
And lead me, by Thy solaces, to find my heart's
true home!

Yes, let me find my home, my longed for rest,
In the safe refuge of my Saviour's breast;
Oh take away my fears, and in their place,
Give me the confidence of trustful grace:
For Thou, Lord, seest all
The dangers that appal
My timid heart and trembling flesh, and for Thy
aid I call.

I shrink whene'er I see a threat'ning cloud,
That will in darkness all my days enshroud;
I feel th' approaching shadow, and I faint
In dread, for fancy in dark hues will paint
The coming form of pain,
And frightened I complain,
And cannot patient wait to know whether 'tis loss
or gain.

Oh Lord, I pray Thee, cure my trembling heart,
And Thy own strength to weakness now impart!
Remove the thorn which pierces thro' my flesh,
And with the cordial of Thy love refresh
The weary soul, that shrinks
When suffering's cup it drinks;
And the frail spirit quick revive that often fainting
sinks.

Or if Thy sacred wisdom seeth best
To leave the messenger to break my rest,
Then be it so: but let me ever hear
The soothing word to calm my every fear,—
"My grace shall always be
Sufficient unto thee,
And in thy weakness My great strength made per-
fect thou shalt see."

Then shall I feel the quiet peace that swells,
The trustful heart where Thy good Spirit dwells;
Revived and solaced, I Thy Hand shall see,
And learn to glory in infirmity:
"When I am weak, I'm strong,"
Shall be my grateful song,
And all my powers, redeemed from fear, to perfect love belong.

Oh blessed peace of simple, trusting love,
Brought to the heart by Jesus' Holy Dove!
When we can yield our spirits to His sway,
Their doubts and terrors vanish quite away:
And we will find a rest
In our once troubled breast,
Come as a loving comforter, a sweet abiding guest.

Oh Lord, my weak and wayward heart *desires*,
To trust Thee only, even in the fires
Of keen affliction and foreboding fears;
And I *will* trust, and dry my faithless tears:
In quiet confidence,
Shall be my sure defence,
And I will refuge find in Christ, nor ever wander thence.

Only receive and strengthen me, my God,
And I Thy glorious praise will spread abroad;
Thy tender care and loving kindness make
A theme which must our warmest anthems wake;
Grant me a perfect faith,
In all my Saviour saith,
And I will trust Thy gracious care in griefs of life and death!

Prayer.

"Ask what I shall give thee."

To *me*, Oh gracious Master, dost Thou say,
"My servant, ask,—what shall I give to thee?"
Am I, so ignorant and weak, to pray
For Thy relief to needs Thyself dost see?
I will not dare refuse to ask a sign,
When ordered by Thy wisdom so divine!

What shalt Thou give me? Ah, Thou knowest, Lord,
Who knowest all things, what my soul requires;
I will be satisfied with the award
Of Thy great love, which never fails nor tires:
Yet I remember me Thou hast decreed,
"*Ask*, and it shall be given to thy need."

I know not what to pray for as I ought:
So, Master, first of all I ask of Thee,
That I may by the Spirit good be taught,
Who doth Himself help our infirmity;—
Who in His Holy intercession makes,
Unutterable groanings for our sakes!

By His direction guided, I entreat
A wise and understanding heart, to know
The bliss of sitting humbly at Thy feet,
And learning from Thy lips the way to go:
Master, accept my offered worthless heart,
And in Thy mercy give the "better part."

I pray that I may know the love of God,
Which passeth knowledge; and be filled with all
The fulness of His grace, once shed abroad
Abundantly thro' Christ on them who call,
With lowly reverence on His sacred Name,
And "for His sake" all their petitions frame.

Give me the friends whom now I dearest love,
For my companions in my heavenly home;
Ah Saviour, let their spirits never rove,
Lest they, to that dear haven, may not come;
But touch their hearts, and make them long to be
Thy chosen: Lord, give what I ask to me!

Oh Father, I have dared to say what Thou
Shalt give to me—thy poor, unworthy child;
Obedient to Thy written word I bow,
And *ask* for mercy when by sin beguiled;—
Forgiveness, guidance, holiness, and peace,
And of Thy Spirit's fruits a large increase.

What further blessing may I ask, oh Lord?
And is Thy patience not exhausted yet?
Is greater mercy still to be outpoured?
Hath Thy dear love *no* bounding limit set?
Then humbly, in my Saviour's mighty Name,
THYSELF, O Father, *Thine Own Self* I claim!

Thy gifts without Thyself are valueless,—
Thyself without Thy gifts I pray to have:
No precious thing hath any power to bless,
Compared with that dear mercy which I crave;
Oh Lord, art Thou *my God?* Then will I rest,
Of this most wondrous comforting possest.

All that I can desire, I have in Thee;
And welcome pain and suffering, grief and loss:
There is no sorrow in reality,
If Christ is teaching us to bear the cross:
Our trial is a token we are His,
And He is ours: And this is perfect bliss.

Lord, have I asked according to Thy will?
If not, oh grant me not my warmest prayers,
But rather with submission do Thou fill
The heart that trusts Thee with its wants and cares:
All my petitions are contained in one
I learnt from Christ,—"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

The Ascension.

How clear is the loud festive sound,
Of the gay Church bells chime!
Their gladdest anthem forth they ring,
When Christians hail their risen King,
At blest Ascension time!

The joyous bells accord with thoughts
That swell within our souls;
From earth to Heaven, the glad free strain
To Him who died and rose again,
In heart-felt triumph rolls.

Ascending to His Throne on high,
Our Saviour captive led
The old oppressive powers; and He
Won the gold crown of victory,
To grace His royal Head.

Rejoicing angels crowd around,
Their Master to receive;
They shout and praise with glad acclaim,
By the new won *Redeeming* Name,
God, Who could man forgive.

Enthroned in glorious Majesty,
He sits at God's right Hand;—
A *Man* in Heaven! amazing sight!
Well may the angels stay their flight,
And fixed in wonder stand!

A *Man* in Heaven! Oh precious pledge
That we may thither rise:
Our human nature joined to His,
Mysteriously yet truly is
Within the veilèd skies!

With this dear knowledge, we can yield
Our natural wish, that He
Had still remained among us here,
Our sorrowing, erring hearts to cheer,
In Presence bodily.

'Twas His own word,—"*Expedient*
For you that I should go:"
His perfect wisdom said in love,
'Twas *better* He should rise above,
And we be left below.

For He knew all things: And we trust
In His unerring word;
He saith, "If I go not away,
No Comforter will come to stay,
Nor will your prayers be heard."

He knows our needs, and His great love
Meets them with full supplies:
He teaches us content, and shows
His children that as He arose,
They may to Him arise!

Grant, mighty Lord, that as our hearts,
Instructed by Thy grace,
Believe Thou didst ascend to Heaven,
The glorious privilege may be given,
That *we* there find a place.

Oh may we still in heart and mind,
Thither ascend, and be
With Him Who lives and reigns above,
And by the influence of His love,
There dwell continually.

Oh King of Heaven, Who didst exalt
Thy only Son with power,
And triumph wonderfully great,
Unto Thy kingdom's high estate,
Give *comfort* for our dower!

Lord, we beseech Thee, leave us not
  Unsolaced and alone;
But send to us the Holy Ghost,
Who will restore us what we lost,
  When Christ resumed His throne.

And more than this, Oh Holy Ghost,
  We venture to implore
Of Thy abounding, matchless grace;
Exalt *us* to the self same place,
  Where Christ hath gone before!

Then, even while we live on earth,
  If sin hath been forgiven,
And its base power been overcome,
Our *hearts* may find a higher home,
  And dwell with Christ in Heaven!

Faithfulness.

"If it be so, the Lord whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us from thy hand, oh king!

"But if not, be it known unto thee, oh king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—Daniel iii. 17th and 18th.

We are the servants of the most High Lord:
We own His gracious sway,
And only Him will we obey,
And He alone shall be by us adored.
We know no other Master, and will serve no other King,
To the great God Almighty all our homage we will bring;
Thou tyrant "ruler of the world," from us no service claim,
Depart from those who're sealed and called by the Eternal Name.

Depart, thou "prince and power of the air!"
Our Master conquered thee,
Even by the Cross' agony,
And we His suffering and triumph share:
Thy senseless fury may command a fiercer, sevenfold heat,
Be kindled in the trial flames that o'er our bodies beat;
But still we are not careful to escape the furnace blast,
For God can o'er us even there Divine protection cast.

He could deliver from thy cruel hand,
Or quench the raging fire,
If such were His supreme desire,
By His one simple word of high command.
Legions of angels He could send, and they would gladly fly,
At His permission, to relieve our pain and misery;—
The burning, fiery furnace at His will would cease to glow,
For He is able to release His own from every foe.

But even if His wisdom seeth best,
To leave us in the flame,
Our trust in His Almighty Name,
And love, is never shaken in the least.

He knoweth if our spirits need the purifying fires,
And we, to His omniscient will, yield all our vague
desires:
What tho' the mortal flesh is weak, and shrinks
from bearing pain?
The spirit still is willing to endure for future gain.

Present deliverance may not be His plan,
Nor do we count on this;—
Enough for us that we are His,
And what He judges right to do, He can.
If He shall leave us suffering, still be it known to
thee,
Oh power of darkness! all thy arts and threats are
vanity:
We will not, while Heaven's kingdom stands, from
our allegiance swerve,
For God, Who strengthens us to bear, will still our
faith preserve.

We know thy enmity on us can bring,
Many a painful loss;
But we will count it as a cross,
Permitted by our gracious Lord and King!
Grief, Sickness, Poverty, and tears, are evils hard
to bear,
But if our Lord alloweth them, He doth our
sorrows share:

No fierce temptation, no distress shall overcome our hearts,
While we in the Redeemer's strength, resist the fiery darts.

Yes, leaning on His arm, we thee defy,
Oh ruler of this world!
Thy sharpest weapons have been hurled
At Christ our Lord, and fallen harmlessly!
Hope not to win the followers of such a glorious King,—
We will not serve thy vain, false gods thro' fear of suffering!
The golden image thou hast set upon a sinful shrine,
For all to worship, *we* will not acknowledge as divine.

Rather than bow before the altar high,
Where thou would'st have us bend,
The faithful Christian would commend,
His soul to God,—his body give to die!
Yes, death itself were easier borne, than such ungrateful sin
As leaving God for Mammon, any earthly good to win:
Discomfort and privation too, are welcome for the sake
Of faithfulness to Jesus, with eternity at stake.

Know then, the Mammon of unrighteousnes,
Can have no charm for those,
Who would embrace a life of woes,
Rather than be relieved from their distress,
By being traitors to their King, and throwing off the sway,
'Neath Whose benign control they dare thy hests to disobey:
The golden image on the plain we never can adore,
Else we from our beloved Lord were parted evermore!

For He is jealous: He will not consent
His honour to divide;
We are sworn soldiers on His side,
And with His holy service are content.
The future blessedness of heaven will far o'erpay the pain,
We now endure for scorning that gold image on the plain,
The cheering promise of our Lord sustains us in the strife,—
"Be faithful unto death, and I will give a crown of life."

Deliver us from evil, mighty Lord!
Oh Father, let us not
Into temptation's snare be brought,
Lest we should fail to win that rich award.

Oh, Son of God! come walk with us when hottest flames surround,
And we will in the furnace smile, and deem it holy ground:
Reveal to us Thy gracious Form, and give us patient faith,
And loving trust in Thee, Oh Lord, the Conqueror of death!

Deo Gratias.

"The Christians of the time of St. Augustine used to meet and salute each other by saying, 'Deo Gratias,'—'Thanks be to God.'"

In olden times when Christians met,
They ever said, "Thanks be to God, my brother!"
Confessing to the world and one another,
A truth which love should ne'er forget.
Ah! tho' we claim their title yet,
With an inheritance of their devotion,
How seldom on our heart or lip is set
The grateful sanctity of this emotion;—
Deo Gratias!

We, in our carelessness or pride,
Receive our Master's daily, hourly blessing;
Our many mercies, gifts, and joys possessing,
Still thankless and dissatisfied!

Nay, oft because we are denied,
Some boon His loving wisdom is withholding,
We murmur,—when we ought, whate'er betide,
Still say to Him Who thus our will is moulding,
Deo Gratias!

Ah, what salute to friends most dear
So fit as this? Each time we see them living,
Our hearts should bless the Lord of life for giving
Such precious solace to us here!
We all would deem this world too drear,
Too solitary for our long abiding,
Were their loved presence never more to cheer
Our path;—oh, say in gratitude confiding,
Deo Gratias!

Thanks be to God! because, instead
Of Death's chill touch, I feel life's warm embracing;
That I an answering, loving smile am facing,
Not gazing on th' unconscious dead!
Thank God! I am not made to shed
The tears which fall when nature's ties are broken;
By my rejoicing heart the words are said,
Tho' often by my lips they are unspoken,—
Deo Gratias!

Oh, for the spirit of the days,
When Christians felt and voiced a thankful greeting,
For every precious, heav'n permitted meeting!
Whenever they their eye would raise,
And meet a living brother's gaze,
—Prompt to see mercy in each daily blessing,
For which their ready hearts their God would praise,
Thus their dependence upon Him confessing:—
Deo Gratias!

The Corn of Wheat.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." St. John xii. 24.

Lord, teach me how to fall! and cast me down
To lowest depths of penitence;
Nor let me rise from thence,
Till renovation my repentance crown,
And Thy forgiving and redeeming Hand,
Shall raise and fit me in Thy sight to stand.

Oh let me fall into the holy ground,
Softened by penitential tears,
And broken up by righteous fears,
Where holy sustenance is ever found:
Lord, bury deep the "corn of wheat" within
The soil prepared to waste its seed of sin.

For I deserve to find the lowest place,
That any sinner ever filled,
Since Thou in loving mercy willed,
Rebels should be admitted to Thy grace:
And if a "lower depth" Thy kingdom knows,
There hide me till my sinful life shall close.

Yes, let me even die there: in the deep
Dark grave my human nature wins,
Covered with sorrow for my sins,
Where shame-faced Penitence doth vigils keep;—
Dead unto sin,—but by this death restored,
And made alive to Jesus Christ our Lord!

The nature that shall be, is not the same,
That erst was buried deep within
The lowly grave of penitence for sin,—
'Twill be new born in the Thrice Holy Name.
The seed hath its own body, and will be,
Clothed in the Master's spirit purity.

The first man, Adam, was a living soul,
And in his image we are made;—
The second Adam is displayed
A quickening Spirit, Who can make us whole:
But sin in us must die, before the Lord,
Will make us live by His reviving word.

How willingly, my Saviour, will I die!
That so Thou may'st my spirit bless
With the new life of righteousness,
And with the union of the holy tie,
Which doth embrace in one communion,
Those who are washed and saved by Thee alone.

A common life springing from common death,
Will be our bond of unity,
Woven to last eternally,—
A tie immortal as our holy faith!
No longer to "abide alone," but led
To make in Christ "one body and one bread."

Oh dear result of penitential death!
Sweet burial in Baptism's wave!
While, from our sacred, mystic grave,
We can emerge filled with Christ's living breath:
Jesus, breathe on us! when we fall and die,
Send us the "new birth" in reality.

Then shall the "corn of wheat," though seeming dead,
Revive, and upward living shoot,
Bringing forth much and precious fruit,
To Him by Whom its secret life was fed.
Had it not fallen, dead, into the ground,
No true existence would it e'er have found.

Lord, I would die unto the world and sin,
  And to my own most sinful will;
  So that Thy glorious Light may fill
The heart where nothing good had ever been,
Until Thy tenderness with justice blent,
And the "true God and Life Eternal" sent.

A child of wrath by birth, new-made the child
  Of God and grace, when penitent,
  Thro' Baptism's cleansing Sacrament,
And by faith's power, in Jesus reconciled;—
Such is my history, and such am I,—
Lifeless and dead, except I fall and die.

Oh mystery of Love! I cannot trace,
  The secret of Thy hidden laws;
  But still, unknowing of the cause,
I rest upon the promises of grace!
Lord, make me bring forth fruit, and glorify
Him Who can raise me from the ground, wherein I
    fall and die.

Light and Darkness.

"There shall be no night there."—Rev. xxii. 5.

I cannot bear the darkness and the gloom,
  Which gath'ring evening shades around us throw;
I feel a strange, mysterious heart-shrinking,
When night's black pall upon the earth is sinking,
  Winding its sombre veil o'er all below:
A nameless "horror of great darkness" falls
With that thick curtain, and my soul appals.

'Tis not affected and poetic grief,
  I feel when watching for the day's decline:
I do not dream of weeping for the setting
Of the glad sun, nor do I think of letting
  My vagrant fancies wander to the shrine,
Of visionary worship of the light,
Nor vainly deprecate th' approach of night.

I know not what can be the hidden source,
  Of the strange suffering Darkness brings to me;
It is not fear of dangers or distresses,—
But still a causeless dread my soul oppresses,
  And weighs upon my spirit heavily.

"Darkness that may be felt!" Strange, awful curse
What plague of ancient Egypt could be worse?

Oh, how I long for that resplendent day
Which knows no ending! How I long to be
Called to my Father's house of many mansions,
Where, 'mid the glories of the soul's expansion,
Shall be no night! but everlastingly
The Lord God sheddeth light from His own face,
On them who are redeemed by Jesus' grace.

Yet I am dazzled by our own bright sun,
His daily brilliancy I cannot bear;—
And how then could my eyes endure the beaming,
Of those celestial glories that are gleaming,
For evermore in Heaven's region fair?
How dare I ask for that transcendent bliss,
When my weak nature shrinks from even this?

How can my heart presume to frame the prayer,
For one eternal atmosphere of light?
Oh, let me pause and check my eager daring,
For were I *now* that wondrous blessing sharing,
The vision might deprive me of my sight:
As yet I am not fitted to endure,
The glory of a lot so bright and pure.

Whene'er I muse upon the bliss of Heaven,
  Music and Light are the two chiefest joys,
I ever find my ardent soul desiring;
(Apart from the great Object of aspiring:)
  While melody one ravished sense employs,
And satisfies the ear with hearing;—light
Shall glad the eye, and satisfy the sight.

Altho' I may not sleep in death, I'll be
  Changed from my weakness, and made fit for life;
And when my place in Heav'n shall be decided,
My spirit's wedding robe will be provided,
  And angels show me the Lamb's holy wife:
Till Thou shalt fit me, Lord, teach me to wait,
In patience for the opening of the gate!

Easter Triumph.

"The Lord hath risen indeed."

"The Lord hath risen in His glory!"
"When?"
Women brought the joyful story
To our wondering ken:
When the Sabbath day was done,
They their pilgrimage begun,
To the Holy Sepulchre,
With embalming spice and myrrh;
On the first day of the week,
Very early in the morning,
Went they Jesus' tomb to seek,
Weariness and danger scorning.
When, behold, the massive stone,
Which had closed its mouth was gone!
Entering within, they saw
Sight that filled their heart with awe;—

Where the Sacred Corpse had lain
With the linen wrapt around Him,
Was an empty space! 'twas plain,
Funeral shrouding no more bound Him!
A white-robed Angel sitting there, thus blest their loving speed,
By telling them the Gospel first, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

HALLELUJAH!

The Saviour Lord indeed is risen!
"Whence?"
From the sealed rock tomb, the prison
Satan thought would fence
By a barrier profound,
By a strong eternal bound,
Him, Who meekly bled and died,
By his malice crucified!
Christ hath left the Sepulchre
Where devoted love had laid Him,
Pierced with many wounds, that were
Marks of what our guilt had made Him:
He hath risen from a deep,
Whence no other man had come,
Death converting into sleep,
Robbing it of all its gloom!

Risen from the depth He sought,
When "He into hell descended;"
Thence the witness He hath brought,
That His sacrifice is ended!
Now is the grave a blessèd rest, for weary mortals' need;
It shall be with us as with Him, and "Christ hath risen indeed!"
HALLELUJAH!

The Lord hath risen—this is certain!
"How?"
Nay, I cannot draw the curtain
From His awful Brow,—
Where the crowns of Death and Life,
Emblems of His wondrous strife,
And of royal victory,
Blend to grace His majesty!
Man can never comprehend,
With his dull and finite reason,
How the God-Head veiled His state,
In our nature for a season:
How the Son of God, Divine
By His own inherent right,
Could to cross and grave consign,
Th' Incarnation of His might!

Neither can our eyes discern,
How our Saviour was victorious
Over death,—enough to learn
By faith's power, the truth so glorious:
It is enough for her to know, Christ on the cross did bleed,—
It is enough for her to hear, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

HALLELUJAH!

The Lord is risen, saving, healing!
"Where?"
In our *souls* Himself revealing,
If He's welcomed there.
'Neath our heart's cold stone, He lies,
Waiting for our prayer, to rise:
Then, within that dark abode,
Where sin's wild-fire only glowed,
Will His beams immortal shine,
By the Cross' lustre lighted,
Burning ever at the shrine,
Of a Lord once scorned and slighted!
He, the bright and morning Star,
Once beheld thro' clouds afar,
Then will shed a steady ray,
On the Life—the Truth—the Way:

He, the Sun of Righteousness,
From the dark horizon springing,
Sees and pities our distress,
On His healing mission winging:
Lord, take away our hearts of stone! and let Thy
Presence lead,
That we may know, whate'er befal, "The Lord is
risen indeed!"

HALLELUJAH! AMEN!

"What have they seen in thy House?"

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

Have They seen the sign of the Holy Cross
  Impressed upon thy brow?
And graven deeply upon thy heart
  Is thy sacramental vow?

Have They seen the water of Baptism's wave,
  Still brightly glittering there?
And all unsullied by earth and sin,
  Is thy chrisom white and fair?

Have They seen in daily and reverent use,
  The sacred Book of God?
Is His word a lantern to thy feet,
  A light on thy heaven-ward road?

Have They seen the treasures of Faith and Hope,
  And holy Charity?
And hallowing all, is the spotless robe
  Of the Saviour's purity?

Have They seen good works and patience shed
A steady light around?
And ever waiting his Lord's approach,
Is the faithful servant found?

Have They seen a submissive grateful heart,
Take up the Master's Cross?
And a calm, unruffled, and trusting smile
Greet every worldly loss?

Have They seen the torch of Love unquenched,
When many waters came,
And floods of trial and sorrow strove
T' extinguish the holy flame?

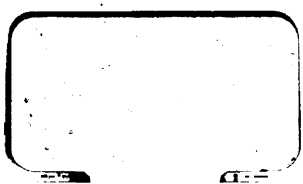
Oh, if the searching eyes of God see not these *holy* things,
Remember they are prompt to mark all sin's imaginings;
And if, when looking in our house,—the temple of our heart;—
He sees the evil, not the good, His voice will say "depart;—"
"These many years I sought from thee the holy fruits of faith,
But found them not,—receive thou then the doom of endless death!"

Pray for me.

If any gentle thoughts of Heaven,
Or sweet remembrance of a love
Transplanted to the rest above,
Thro' my poor humble means be given,—
Think of me then, and pray
That God will cleanse my sins away;
And fit me for that blessed home,
Where nought impure can ever come.

If any soothing comfort lies
Within the pages I have writ,—
If Faith or Hope's bright torch be lit,
From the faint gleams which thence arise,—
Think of me then, and pray
That God would chase my fears away,
And ever give me grace to rest,
Calm and undoubting, on His Breast.

If any earnest wish be stirred,
To rise and leave the things of earth,—
If longings of a heavenly birth,
Are wakened by my any word,—
Think of me then, and pray
That God would take my sloth away,
And give me eager, holy zeal,
T' impart the solaces I feel.

If any added love awake
To Christ, our Saviour and our King,
By the faint praises that I sing,
When on my lips His Name I take,—
Think of me then, and pray
That God would coldness melt away,
And give me, as He dries each tear,
The perfect love which casts out fear.

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